CONCORD HYMNAL

Lit
5532
H923

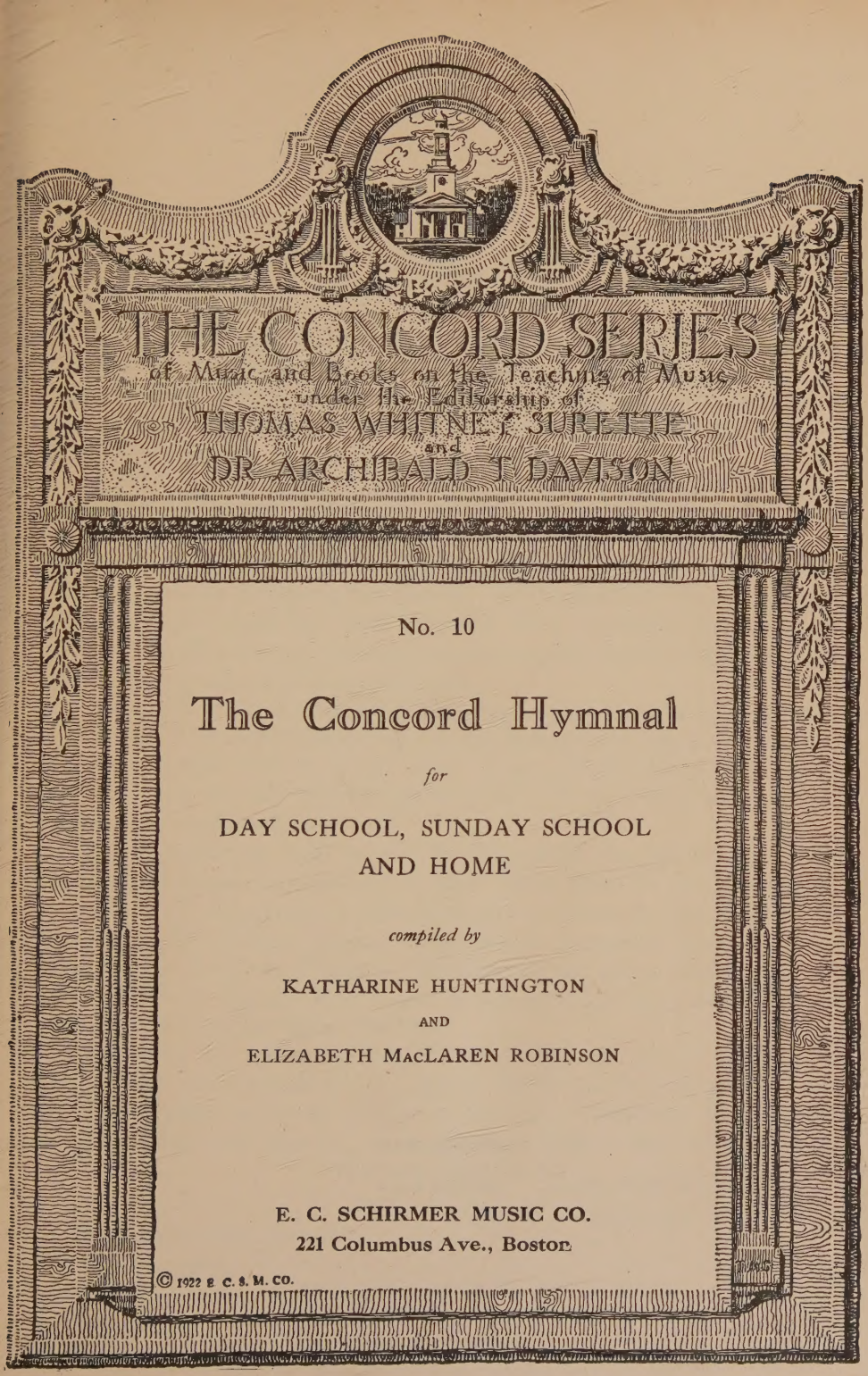
Lit
5532
H923

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY LIBRARY
CHELSEA SQUARE, NEW YORK II, N. Y.

The Gift of

From the Library of
DR. RAY F. BROWN

Ray F. Brown


THE CONCORD SERIES
of Music and Books on the Teaching of Music
under the Editorship of
THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE
and
DR ARCHIBALD T DAVISON

No. 10

The Concord Hymnal

for

DAY SCHOOL, SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND HOME

compiled by

KATHARINE HUNTINGTON

AND

ELIZABETH MacLAREN ROBINSON

E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.
221 Columbus Ave., Boston

© 1922 E. C. S. M. CO.

LIT
S532
H923

156085

Copyright, 1923, by E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.
For all countries

Stanbope Press
F. H. GILSON COMPANY
BOSTON, U.S.A.

PREFACE

THE CONCORD HYMNAL is a collection which aims to apply to children's religious songs the musical and poetic standards that are being more and more widely insisted upon in elementary education. Only tunes have been selected which possess some musical distinction, and only words which are marked by simplicity and sincerity.

Many familiar tunes by modern writers, and many of the grand old hymns of the church have been included, as well as a number of carols and folk-songs and several of the beautiful chorales of an earlier day. These latter, contrary to the general belief, are not difficult, and already are being sung and enjoyed by children in schools throughout the country. Of the standard hymns of real poetic merit, only two classes have been debarred: those containing complex dogmas, and those dealing with such intimate and introspective aspects of religious experience as are beyond a child's comprehension.

The pitch of all the tunes has been kept within the natural range of the child's voice. The classification has been made extremely simple, but under the heading "General" will be found various hymns suitable for special occasions; and it is hoped that the book will prove available for use in home and day-school as well as in Sunday-school.

The compilers are most grateful for the cordial help which has been given them: especially are they indebted to Miss Angela Diller for the harmonization of several of the folk-tunes; to Miss Katherine Lee Bates, to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and to Mr. William Canton for permission to include hymns written by them; to the Reverend Charles L. Hutchins for the harmonization of No. 67, from his "Carols Old and New"; and to the publishers whose names are mentioned in foot-notes throughout the book

But above all, thanks are due to Thomas Whitney Surette, without whose help the book would not have been possible. By his encouragement of the enterprise at its outset, and by his criticism and advice at every stage of its progress, he is responsible more than any one else, for such merit as the book may possess.

KATHARINE HUNTINGTON
ELIZABETH MACLAREN ROBINSON

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY,
January, 1920

CONTENTS

	Page
Opening of Service	1– 4
Close of Service	5– 7
Morning	7– 9
Evening	10– 12
Christmas	13– 27
The New Year	28– 30
Easter	31– 36
Thanksgiving	37– 40
National	41– 46
General	47– 78
For Very Small Children	79–107

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS

	No.
Addison, J.	49
Alexander, C. F.	89
Andrew of Crete	74
Anonymous	7, 47, 81, 105
Baker, H. W.	66a
Barbauld, A. L.	39
Baring-Gould, S.	69
Bates, K. L.	42
Bernard of Cluny	58
Bickersteth, Bishop E. H.	29
Bohemian Brethren	11
Bonar, H.	75
Bramly, H. R. (tr.)	20
Bridges, M.	78
Brooks, Bishop Phillips	24
Burton, J.	88
Canton, W.	82, 107
Carney, J. F.	99
Cockburn-Campbell, M.	55
Compton, R.	90, 95
Coxe, Bishop A. C.	64
Duncan, M. L.	83
Edwards, M. B.	94
Fitz, A.	51
Foundling Chapel Collection	54
Furness, W. H.	80
Grant, Sir R.	48
Havergal, F. R.	30, 84
Heber, Bishop R.	12, 68
Hedge, F. H. (tr.)	72
Herbert, G.	66
Hodder, E.	76
Hofer, Mari R. (tr.)	21
Holmes, O. W.	46, 53
Hopps, J. P.	93
How, Bishop W. W.	2, 101
Howe, J. W.	44
Keble, J.	52
Ken, Bishop T.	10
Kennedy, B. H. (tr.)	73
Kethe, W.	1
King, J.	62
Kipling, R.	43
Larcum, L.	36
Leeson, J. E.	33, 77, 86 (tr.), 97
Luke, J.	104
Luther, M.	72
Madgeburg, J.	73
Miller, E.	103
Milton, J.	38
Mohr, J.	25
Monsell, J. S. B.	6, 70a
Neale, J. M.	13, 27, 35, 58, 63, 74
Nelson, E. (tr.)	8
Oakely, F. (tr.)	15
Osler, E.	3
Palgrave, F. T.	85, 100
Pierpont, F. S.	40
Pollock, T. B.	96
Pott, F. (tr.)	32
Plumptre, E. H.	61
Rinkart, M.	37
Rous, F.	65
Seagrave, R.	71
Sears, E. H.	26
Smith, S. F.	41
Smyttan, G. H.	60
Tate, N.	14
Tate and Brady (tr.)	31
Taylor, J.	92
Theodulph of Orleans	63
Thring, G.	51
Thrupp, D. A.	102
Traditional: English	16, 18, 22, 23, 87
French (tr.)	17
German (tr.)	59, 91, 106
Latin (tr.)	13, 15, 20, 31, 32, 33, 35
Warburton, G. A.	45
Waring, A. L.	5
Watts, I.	19, 28, 50, 56, 79
Weisse, M.	34
Wesley, C.	9, 57, 98
Wesley, J.	67
Whately, Archbishop R.	12
Winkworth, C. (tr.)	11, 34, 37
Whitfield's Collection	4

INDEX OF COMPOSERS AND SOURCES

No.

Anonymous....15, 44

Bach, J. S....19, 29, 43, 56, 66, 66a, 70
Barnby, J....20
Boyd, W....70a
Burney, C....45

Cantionale Sacrum....67
Croft, W....28, 48
Crüger....9, 37
Cutler, H. S....68

Dyer, S. (arr.)....53
Dykes, J. B....6 (arr.), 74

Ewing, A....58

Flemming, F. F....11
Foundry Collection....71

German Chorale....40, 51
Gibbons, O....38, 61
Giardini, F. de....4
Gotha Cantional....3
Gregorian Tone....96

Handel, G. F....14
Hatton, J....46
Havergal, W. H. (arr.)....51
Haydn, F. J....6, 49, 54, 57
Heinlein, P....60

Knapp, W....64
Kocher, C....39

Lawes, H....75
Luther, M....72
Lwoff, Alexis....55
Lyra Davidica....31

No.

Mainz Gesangbuch....42
Mendelssohn, F. (harm.)....30
Mozart, W. A....76

Neander, J....77

Palestrina, G. P. da....32
Plain Song, French....13

Redhead, R....2
Reinagle, A. R....78

Scotch Psalter....50
Smart, H....52
Störl's Choralbuch....30
Sullivan, A....26, 69, 73

Tallis, T....10
Teschner, M....63

Traditional Melodies ...16, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 87
- Bohemian....21, 89
- Dutch....47, 103
- English 7, 18, 24, 26, 65, 79, 81, 82, 92, 94, 95, 97, 104
- Finnish....90
- French....2, 8, 17, 34, 80, 83, 86, 93, 99
- German....53, 84, 91, 98, 100, 102, 106
- Saxon....41
- Gothland....88
- Lowland....35
- Russian....36
- Silesian....59
- Slavic....85, 107
- Welsh....12, 33

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

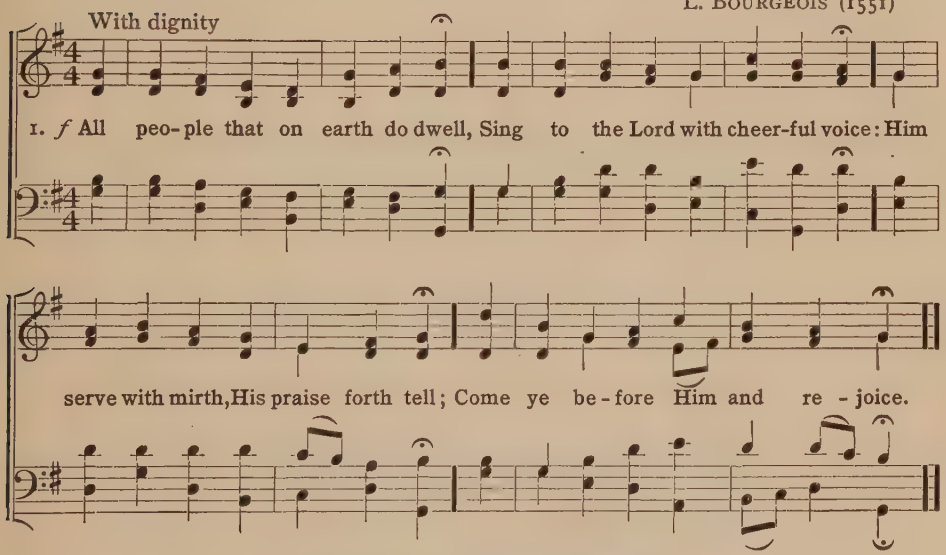
	No.
A little ship was on the sea	102
A mighty fortress is our God	72
All glory, laud and honor	63
All people that on earth do dwell	1
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	10
Another year is dawning	30
As Joseph was a-walking	22
As the sun doth daily rise	8
Breaks the joyful Easter dawn	36
Christ, the Lord, is risen again	34
Christ was born on Christmas day	23
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	9
Christian, dost thou see them	74
Christians, on this happy day	33
Come, all ye shepherds	21
Come, Thou almighty King	4
Do you know how many stars there are	91
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel	13
Each little flower that opens	89
Fairest Lord Jesus	59
Father, lead me day by day	93
Fight the good fight	70
For the beauty of the earth	40
Forty days and forty nights	60
God, make my life a little light	94
God of our fathers, who didst guide	45
God, our Father, made the daylight	95
God, that madest earth and heaven	12
God, the Lord, a King remaineth	52
Good King Wenceslas looked out	27
Gracious Savior, gentle Shepherd	77
Great Giver of all good	51
High in the heavens, Eternal God	56
Holy night, peaceful night	25
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber	19
I love to hear the story	103
I sing the mighty power of God	50
I think when I read that sweet story of old	104
In heavenly love abiding	5
In the dark and silent night	86
In the morning I will raise	80
In the still air the music lies unheard	75
It came upon the midnight clear	26
Jerusalem the golden	58
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	31
Jesus, from Thy throne on high	96
Jesus, Savior, Son of God	105
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	83
Land of our birth, we pledge to thee	43
Let us with a gladsome mind	38
Little drops of water, Little grains of sand	99
Lord, I would own Thy tender care	92
Lord of all being, throned afar	53
Lord, this day Thy children meet	2
Love God with all your soul and strength	79
Loving Jesus, meek and mild	98
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep	97
Mine eyes have seen the glory	44
My country, 'tis of thee	41
My God, accept my heart this day	78
None is like God, who reigns above	88
Now God be with us	11
Now thank we all our God	37
Now the light has gone away	84
O beautiful for spacious skies	42
O come, all ye faithful	15
O come, little children, with hurrying feet	107
O God, our help in ages past	28
O God, the Rock of Ages	29
O holy Lord, content to fill	101
O leave your sheep	17
O little town of Bethlehem	24
O Lord of hosts, almighty King	46
O Lord, who when Thy cross was nigh	85
O who like Thee, so calm, so bright	64
O worship the King	48
On our way rejoicing	6
Onward, Christian soldiers	69
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him	54
Praise to God, immortal praise	39
Praise ye Jehovah	55
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	71
Sleep, baby, sleep	87
The Easter-tide with joy was bright	35
The first Nowell, the angels did say	16
The God of love my Shepherd is	66
The King of love my Shepherd is	66a
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want	65
The Lord, in His righteousness	47
The morning bright with rosy light	81
The Son of God goes forth to war	68
The spacious firmament on high	49
The strife is o'er, the battle done	32
The Virgin stills the crying	20
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	61
Thou, that once by mother's knee	100
Thou, true God alone	7
Through the night Thy angels kept	82
Thy Word is like a garden, Lord	76
What Child is this who, laid to rest	18
When, His salvation bringing	62
When the herds were watching	106
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	14
Who made ocean, earth, and sky?	90
Who trusts in God, a strong abode	73
Worship, honor, glory, blessing	3
Ye servants of God	57
Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring	67

CONCORD HYMNAL

OPENING OF SERVICE

1 All people that on earth do dwell

"The Old Hundredth"
L. BOURGEOIS (1551)


With dignity
1. f All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice: Him
serve with mirth, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

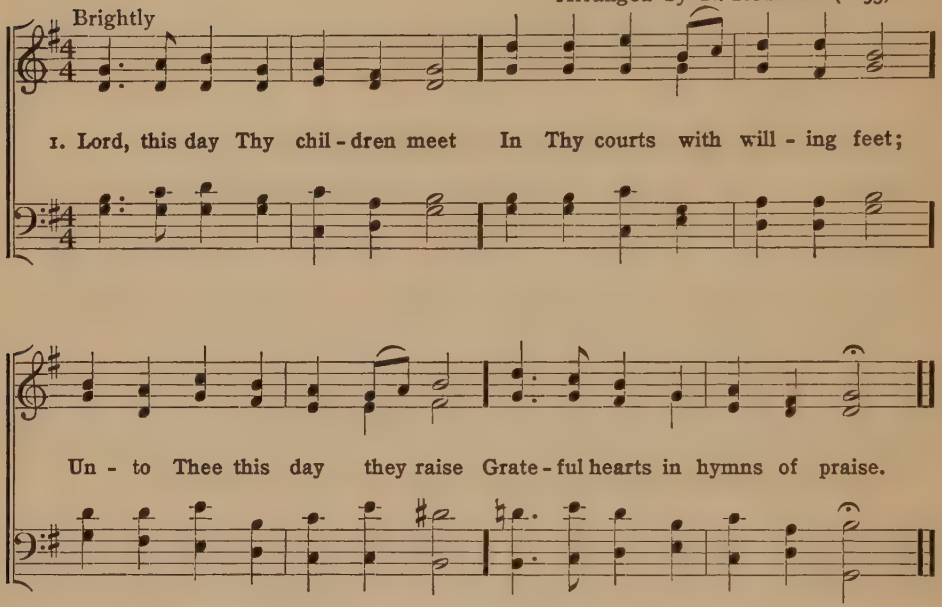
4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe (1561)

Copyright, 1923, by E. C. Schirmer Music Co.

2 Lord, this day Thy children meet

Old French Melody
Arranged by R. Redhead (1853)


Brightly
1. Lord, this day Thy chil - dren meet In Thy courts with will - ing feet;
Un - to Thee this day they raise Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest:
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

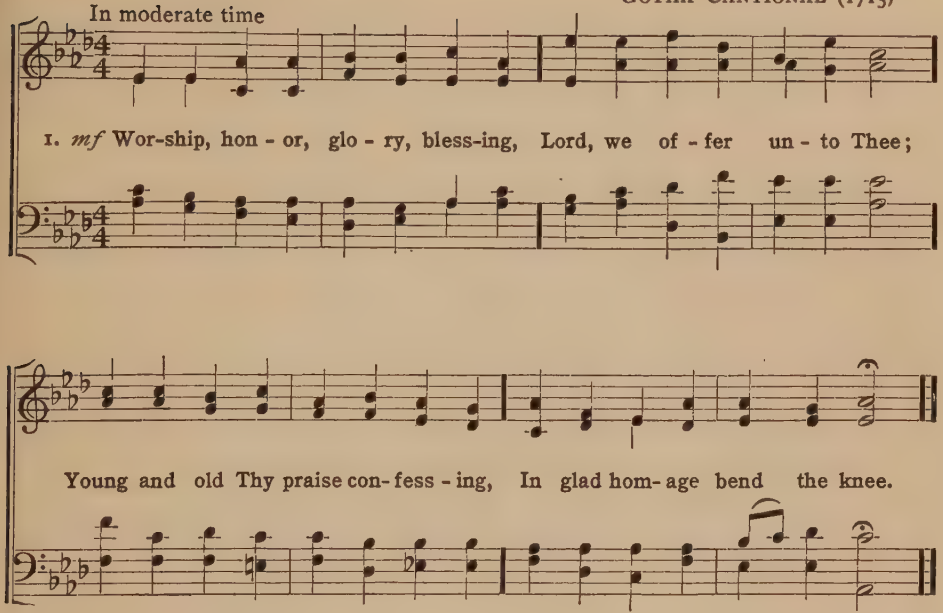
3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

4 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heav'n with Thee.

Bishop William W. How (1854)
(Abridged)

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing

"*Stuttgart*"
GOTHA CANTIONAL (1715)

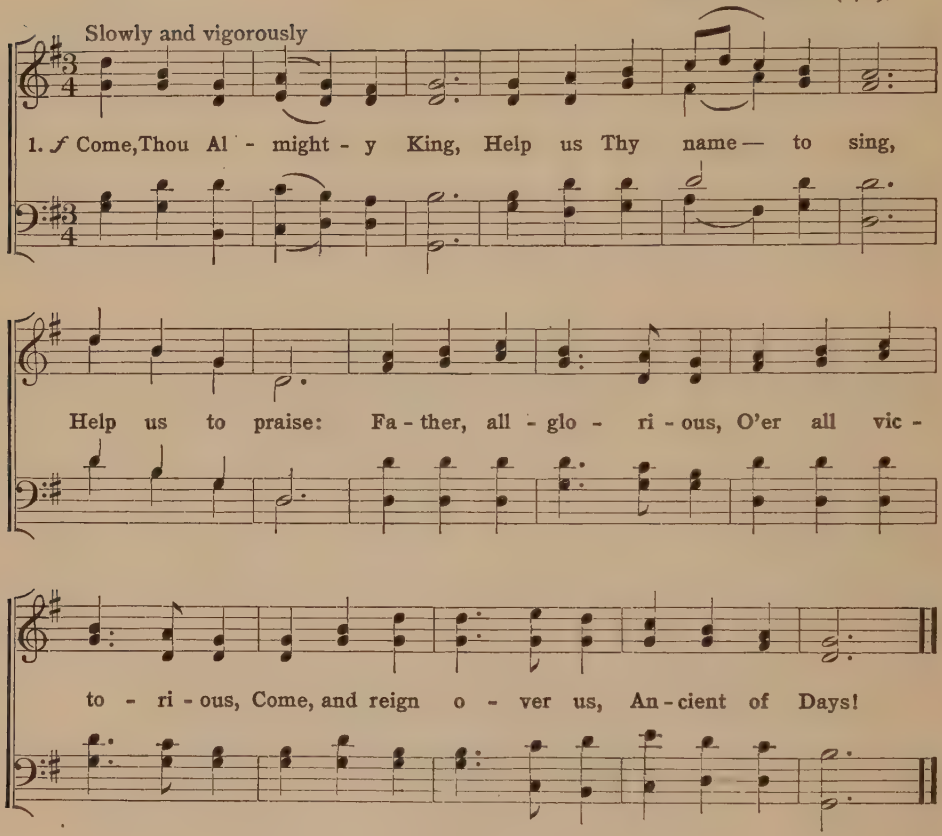

In moderate time
1. mf Wor-ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless-ing, Lord, we of - fer un - to Thee;
Young and old Thy praise con-fess - ing, In glad hom-age bend the knee.

2 As the saints in heav'n adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As Thine angels serve before Thee
So on earth Thy will be done.

Edward Osler (1836)
(Abridged)

4 Come, Thou Almighty King

"*Italian Hymn*"
F. DE GIARDINI (1769)

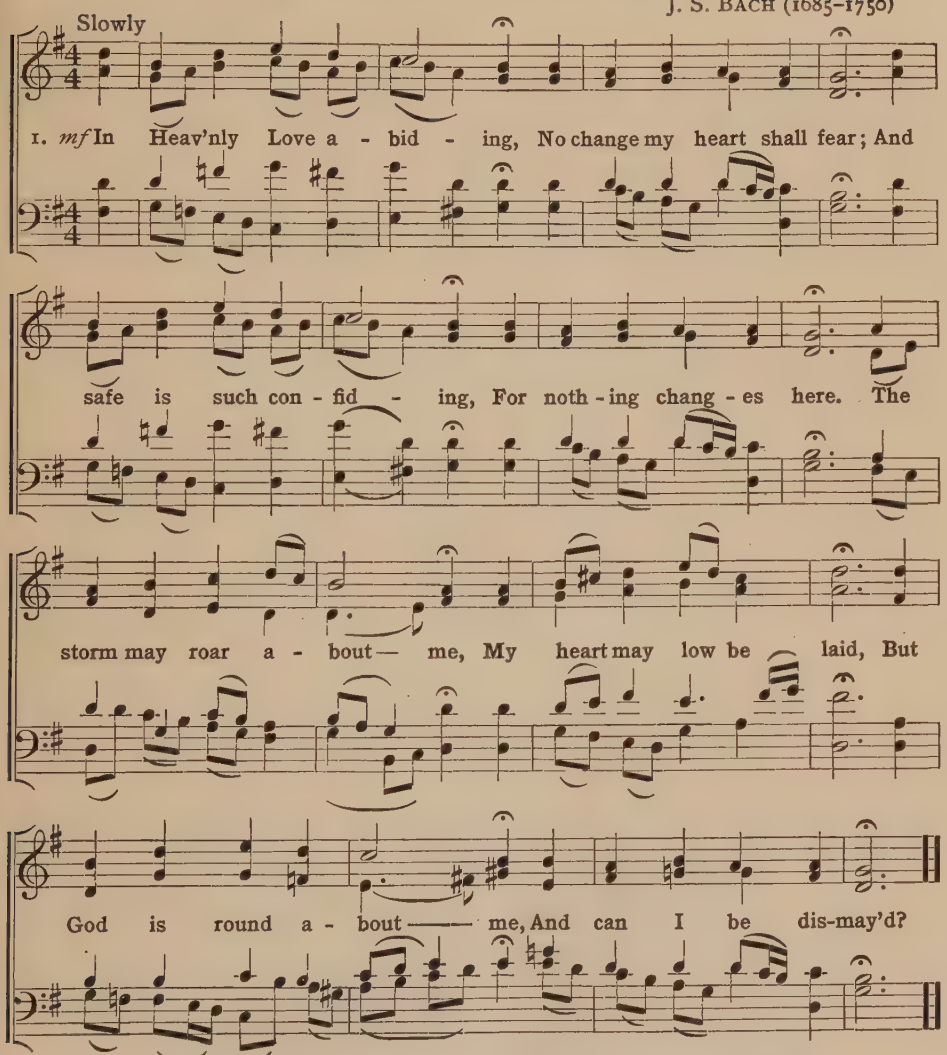

Slowly and vigorously
1. f Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name — to sing,
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!

2 Jesus our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!

Whitfield's Collection (1757)
(Modified and abridged)

5 In Heavenly Love abiding

J. S. BACH (1685–1750)


Slowly
1. mf In Heav'nly Love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And
safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here. The
storm may roar a - bout— me, My heart may low be laid, But
God is round a - bout—— me, And can I be dis-may'd?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

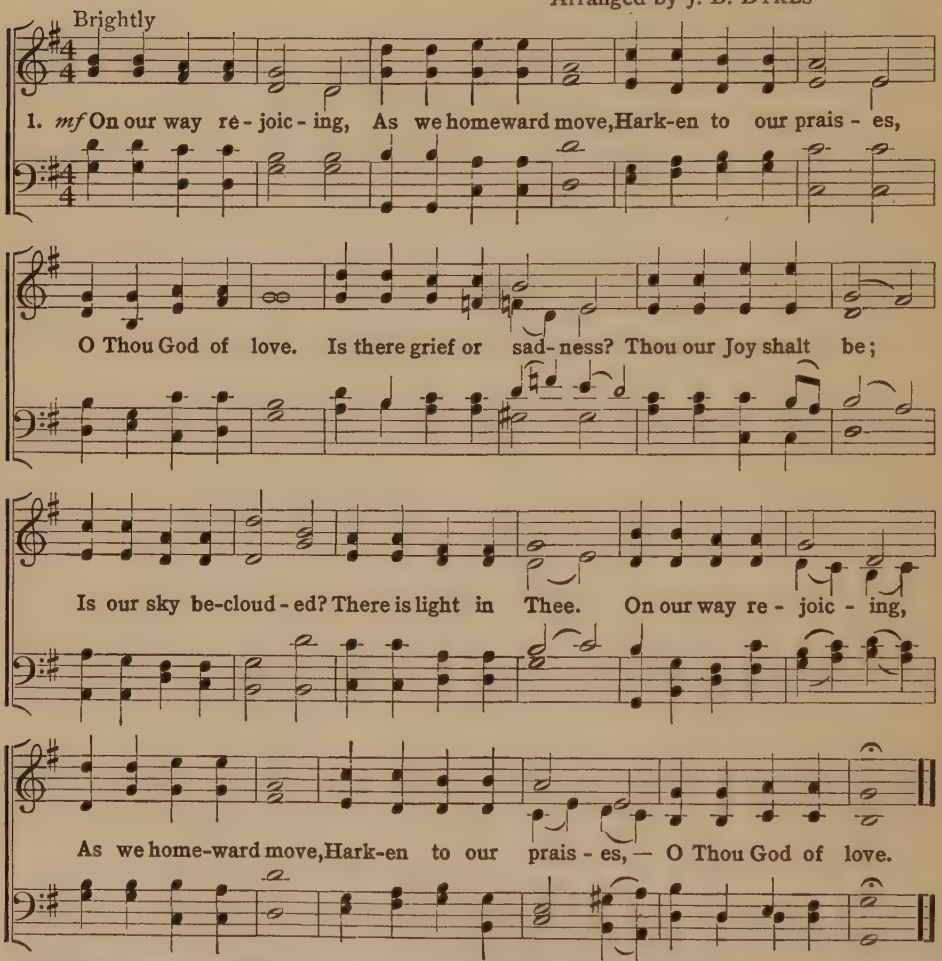
3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring (1850)

6 On our way rejoicing

"*St. Alban*"

Arranged from F. J. HAYDN (1732–1809)
Arranged by J. B. DYKES


Brightly
1. mf On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move, Hark-en to our prais - es,
O Thou God of love. Is there grief or sad - ness? Thou our Joy shalt be;
Is our sky be-cloud - ed? There is light in Thee. On our way re - joic - ing,
As we home-ward move, Hark-en to our prais - es, — O Thou God of love.

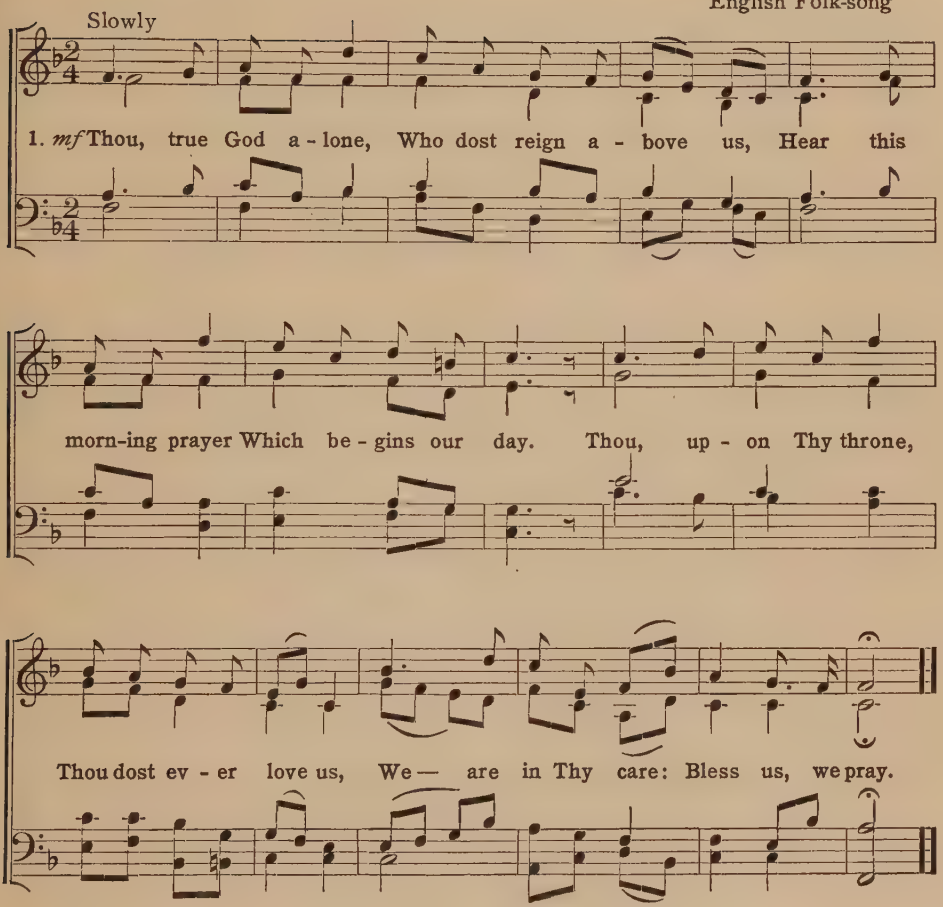
2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can;
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1863)
(Modified and abridged)

7 Thou, true God alone

"New Wells"
English Folk-song

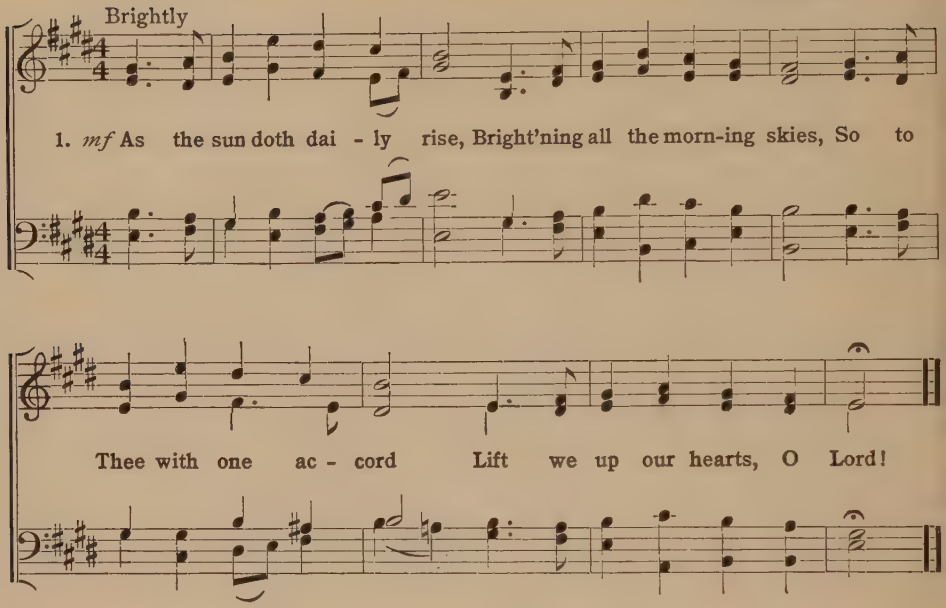

Slowly
1. mf Thou, true God a - lone, Who dost reign a - bove us, Hear this
morn-ing prayer Which be - gins our day. Thou, up - on Thy throne,
Thou dost ev - er love us, We — are in Thy care: Bless us, we pray.

2 From temptation's snare,
Lord, do Thou defend us;
Keep our hearts from fear,
Keep our lives from shame.
To Thy loving care,
Father, we commend us:
Be Thou ever near,
In Jesus name.

Anonymous

8 As the sun doth daily rise

"Innocents"
Old French Melody


Brightly
1. mf As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn-ing skies, So to
Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord!

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living bread, O Lord.

3 Be our guard in sin and strife,
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord.

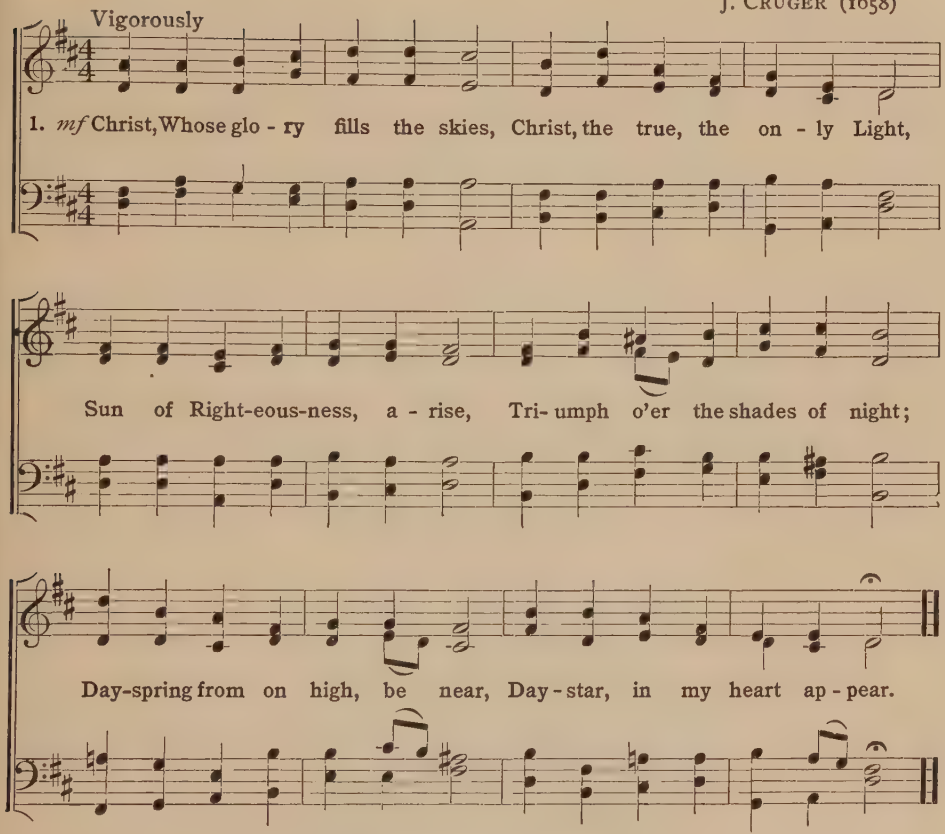
4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

Translated from the Latin
Recast by Earl Nelson (1864)

9 Christ, Whose glory fills the skies

"*Ratisbon*"
J. CRÜGER (1658)


Vigorously
1. *mf* Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise, Tri- umph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.

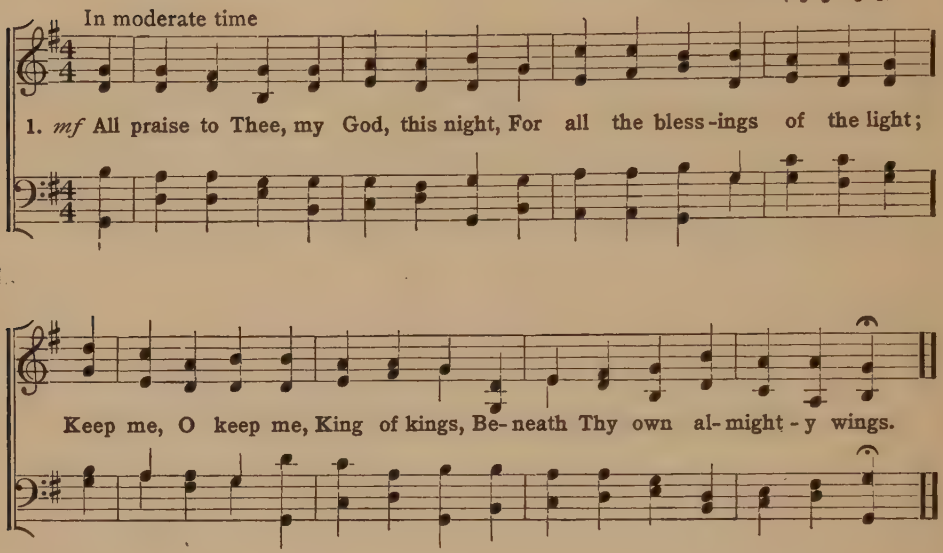
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley (1740)

10 All praise to Thee, my God, this night

T. TALLIS (1515–1585)


In moderate time
1. mf All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thy own al-might-y wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

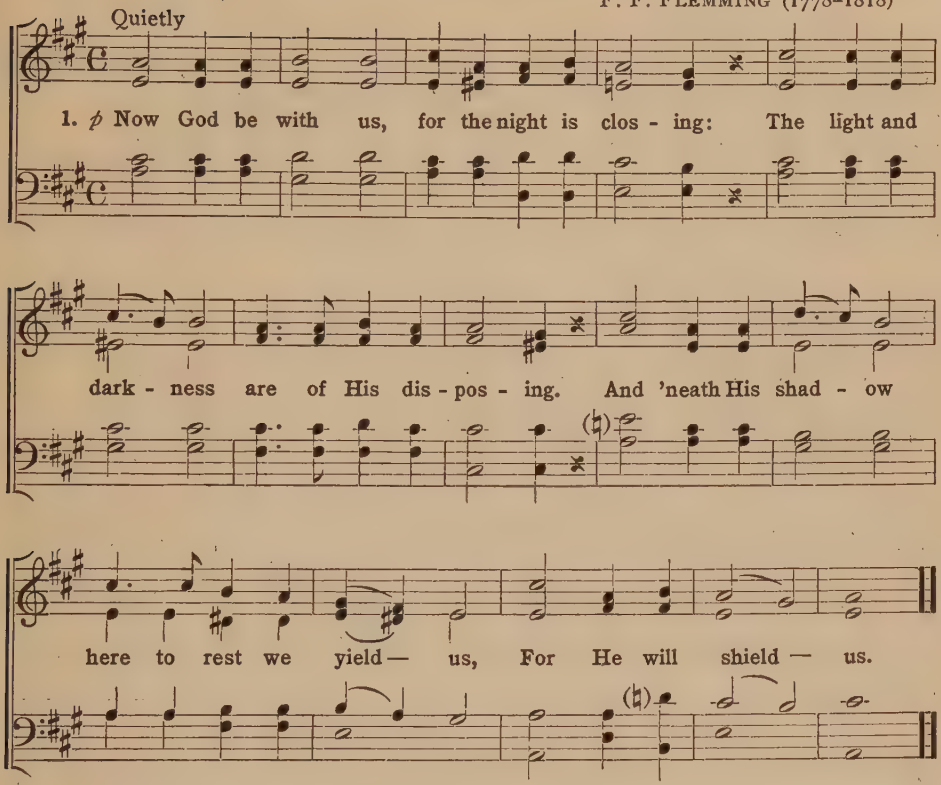
4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Bishop Thomas Ken (1709)
(Abridged)

11 Now God be with us

F. F. FLEMMING (1778–1818)


Quietly
1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing: The light and
dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing. And 'neath His shad - ow
here to rest we yield — us, For He will shield — us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

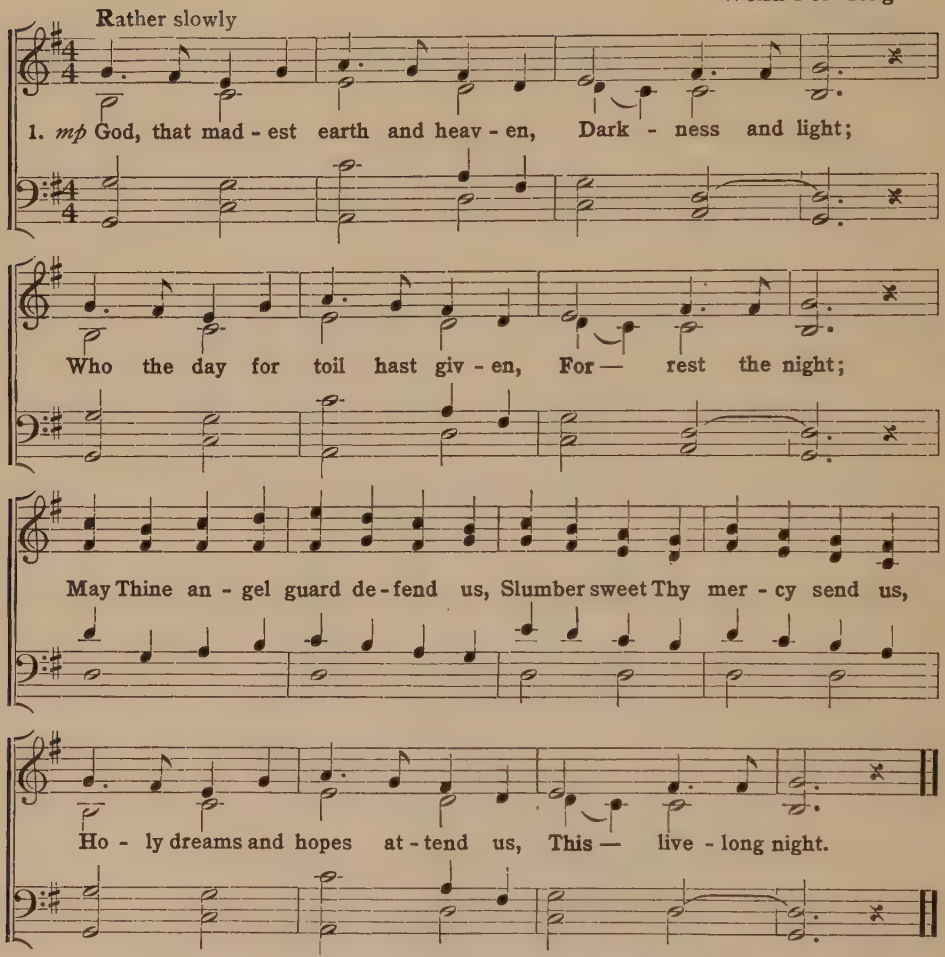
3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us.
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us.
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

Bohemian Brethren (1530)
Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1858)
(Abridged)

12 God, that madest earth and heaven

Welsh Folk-song


Rather slowly
1. mp God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For — rest the night;
May Thine an - gel guard de - fend us, Slumber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This — live - long night.

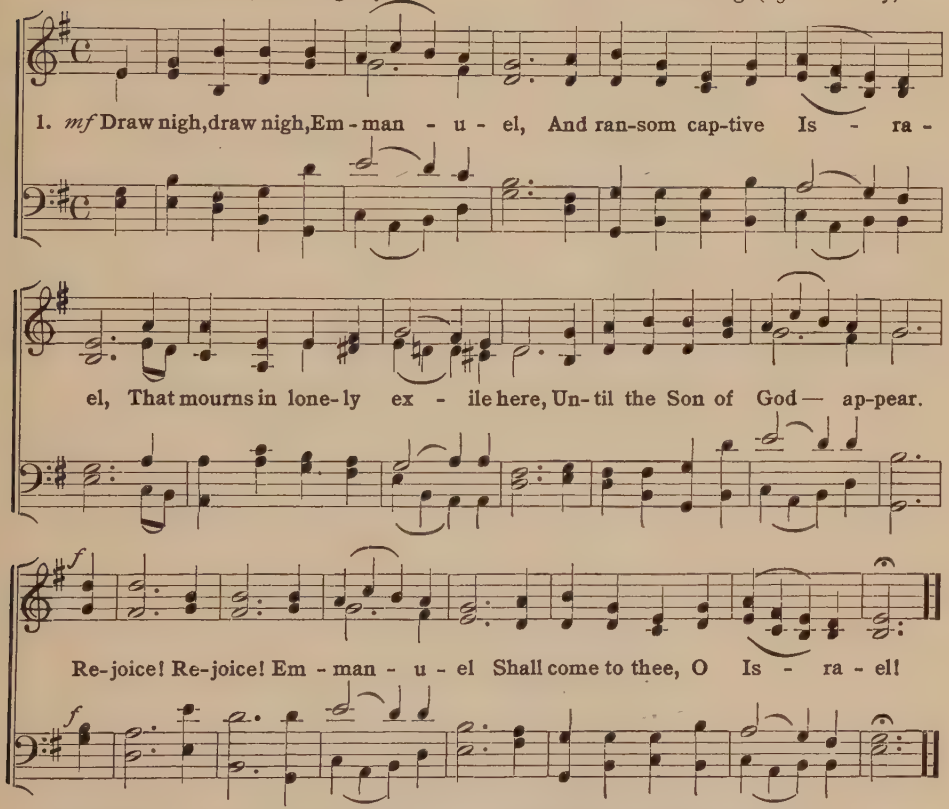
2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last great call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Verse 1 by Bishop Reginald Heber (1827)
Verse 2 by Archbishop Richard Whately (1838)

13 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel

"Veni Emmanuel"

In moderate time; with dignity — French Plain Song (13th Century)


1. mf Draw nigh, draw nigh, Em - man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra -
el, That mourns in lone-ly ex - ile here, Un-til the Son of God — ap-pear.
f
Re-joice! Re-joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!
f

2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From hell's abyss Thy people save,
And give us vict'ry o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar.
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heav'nly gate unfolds to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

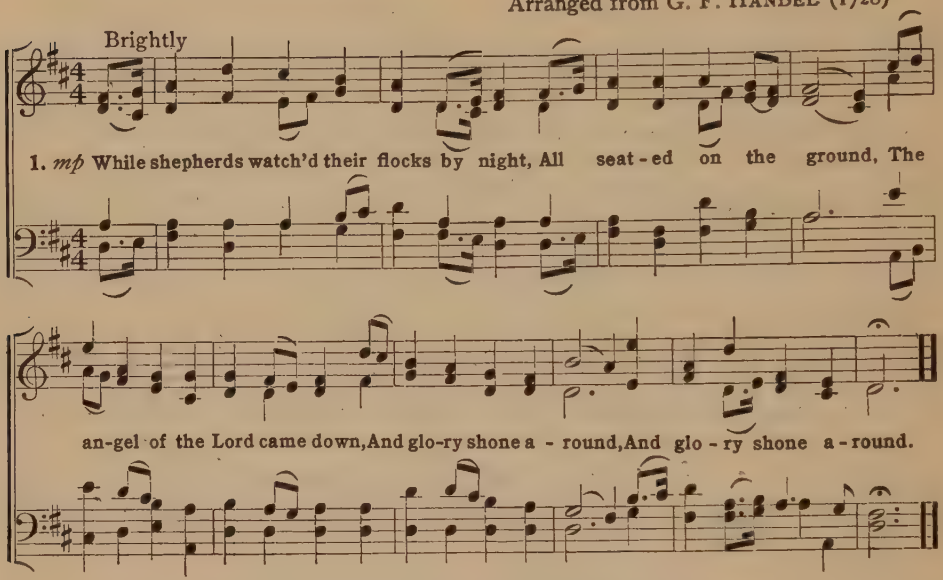
5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, from Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

From the Latin, 12th Century
Translated by John M. Neale (1851)
(Modified)

14 While shepherds watched their flocks by night

"Christmas"

Arranged from G. F. HANDEL (1728)


Brightly
1. mp While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

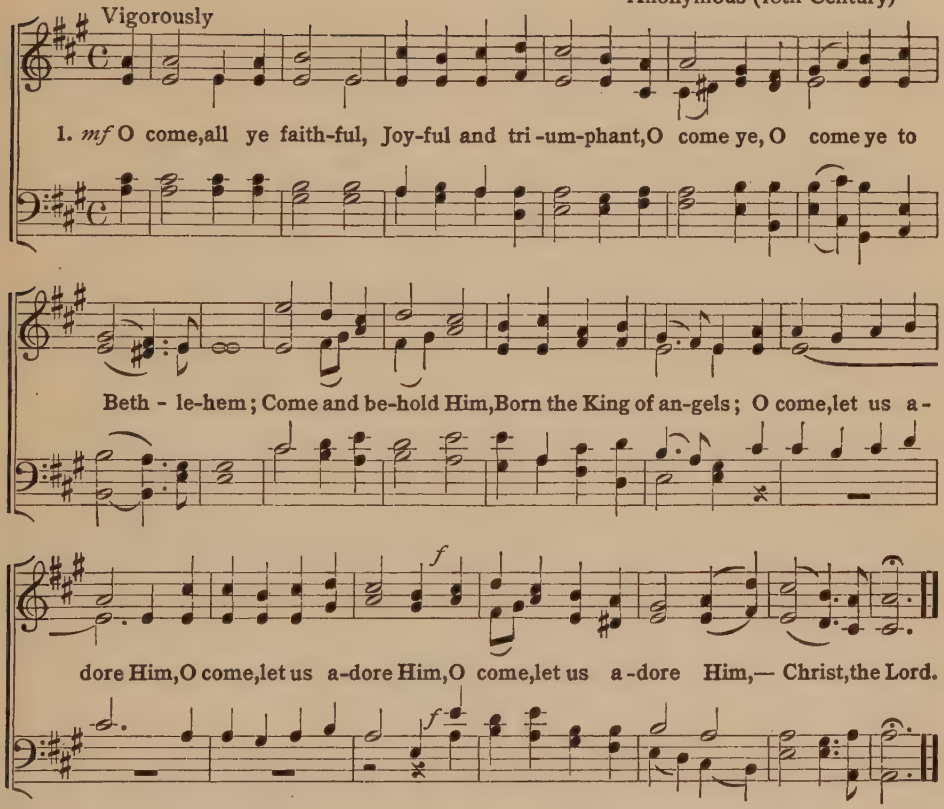
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Nahum Tate (1702)

15 O come, all ye faithful

"Adeste Fideles"

Anonymous (18th Century)


Vigorously
1. mf O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him, Born the King of an-gels; O come, let us a-
f
dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him,— Christ, the Lord.
f

2 See how the shepherds,
Summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with holy fear;
We, too, will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

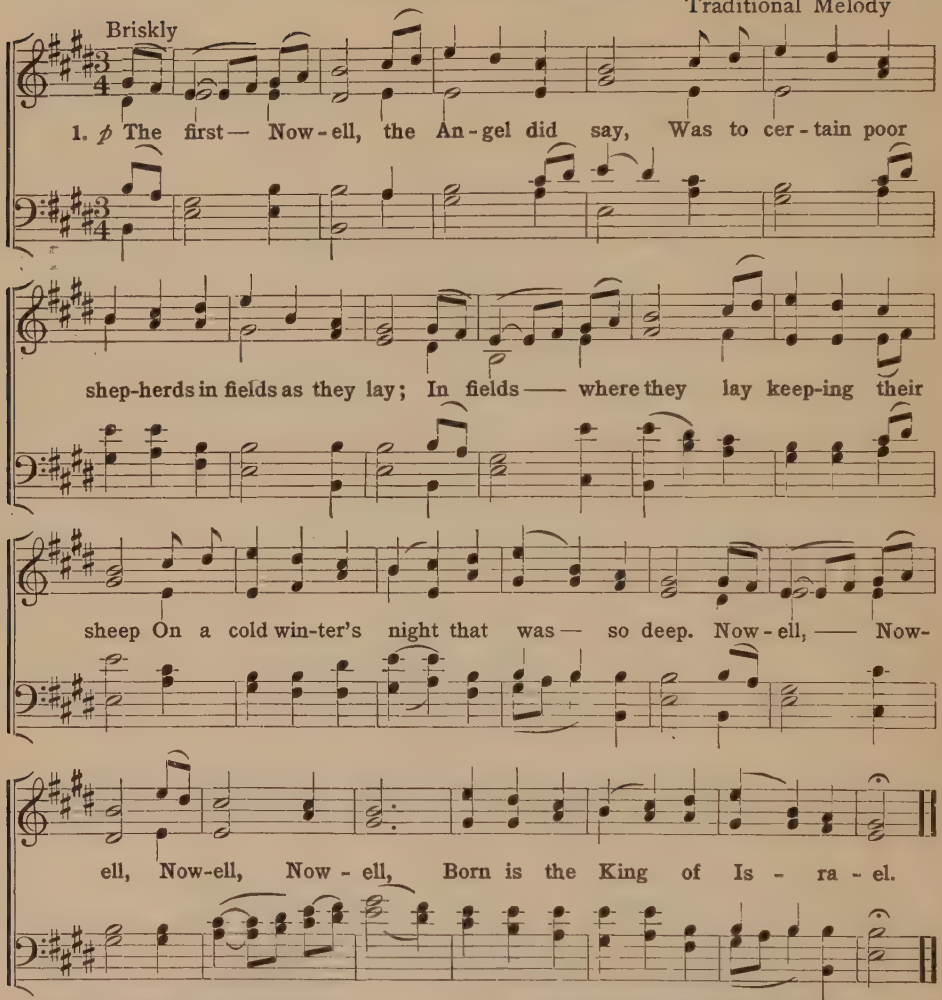
3 Sing, choir of angels,
Sing in exultation;
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
Glory to God
In the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

From the Latin, 17th or 18th Century
Translated by Frederick Oakeley (1841) and others.

16 The first Nowell

Traditional Melody


Briskly
1. The first — Now - ell, the An - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields — where they lay keep-ing their
sheep On a cold win-ter's night that was — so deep. Now - ell, — Now-
ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

2 They lookèd up and saw a Star
Shining in the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

3 And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far,
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

4 This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

5 Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full rev'rently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

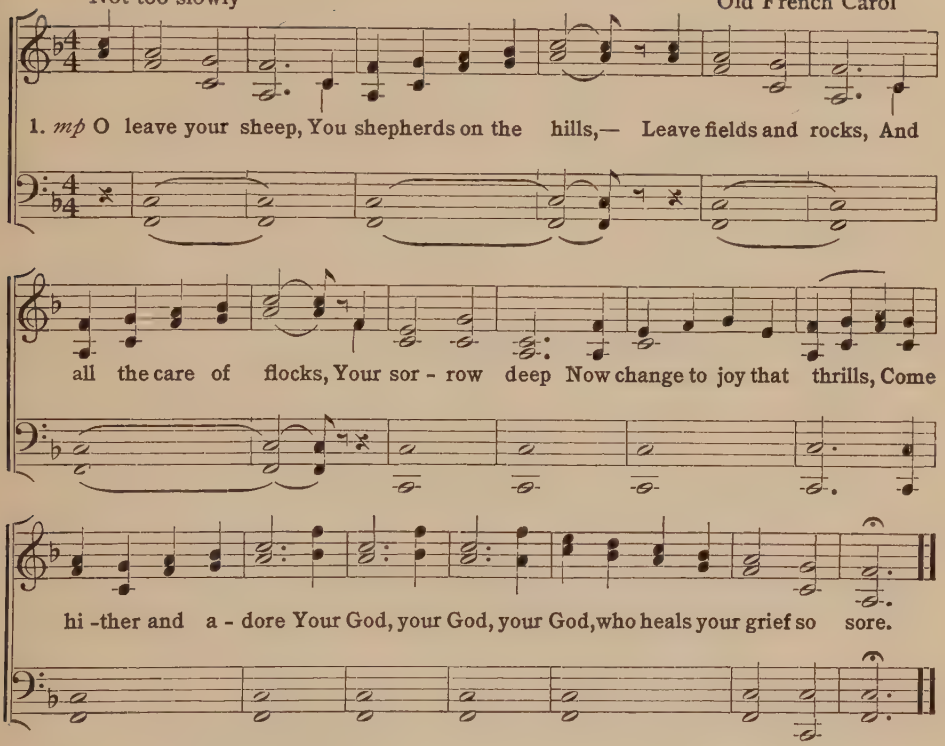
6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,
That hath made heav'n and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Traditional

17 O leave your sheep

Not too slowly

Old French Carol


1. mp O leave your sheep, You shepherds on the hills,— Leave fields and rocks, And
all the care of flocks, Your sor - row deep Now change to joy that thrills, Come
hi -ther and a - dore Your God, your God, your God, who heals your grief so sore.

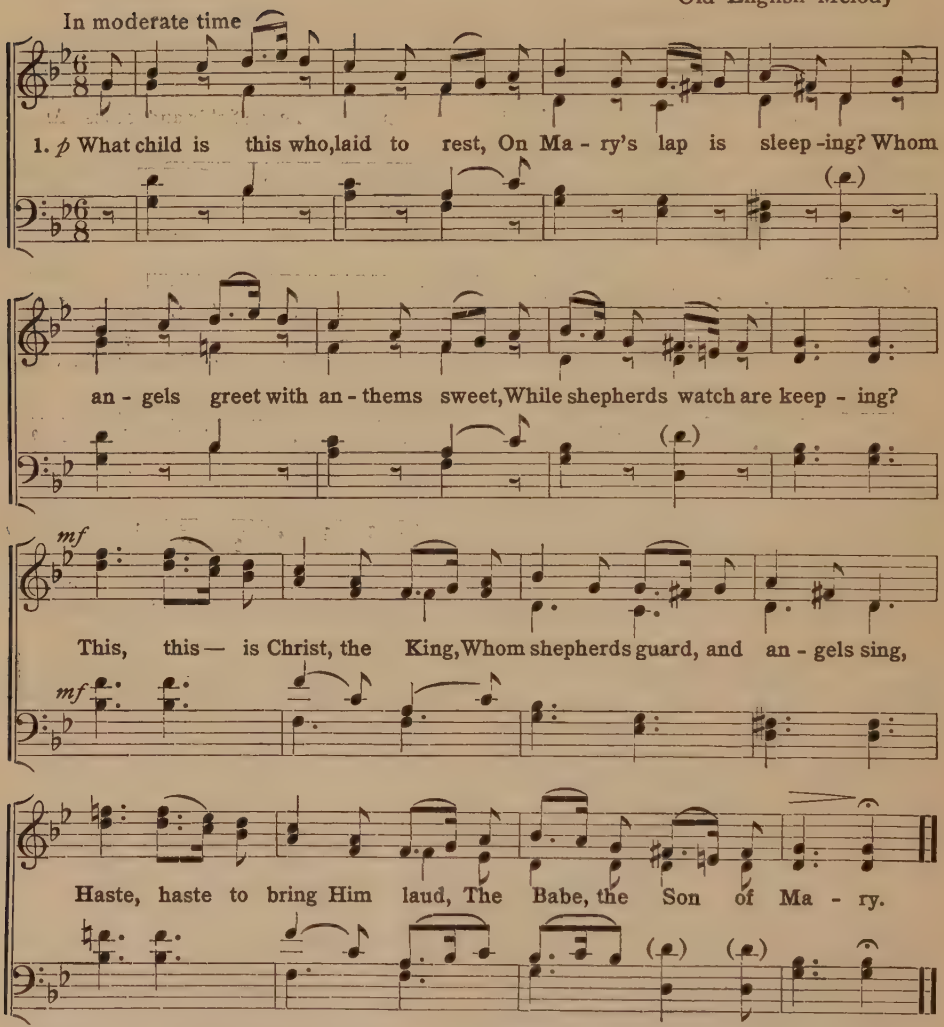
2 Come from above,
He in a manger lies,
The Holy Child
So innocent and mild!
What perfect love
Has brought Him from the skies
On earth to seek for you!
He is, He is, He is a shepherd kind and true.

3 O Eastern kings,
Led by a shining star,
Your voices raise
Before the babe in praise.
Your homage brings
Gifts priceless from afar:
Offer to Him as well
Your hearts, your hearts, your hearts that in them he may dwell.

From the French
Translated by Katharine Huntington

18 What child is this

"*Green Sleeves*"
Old English Melody

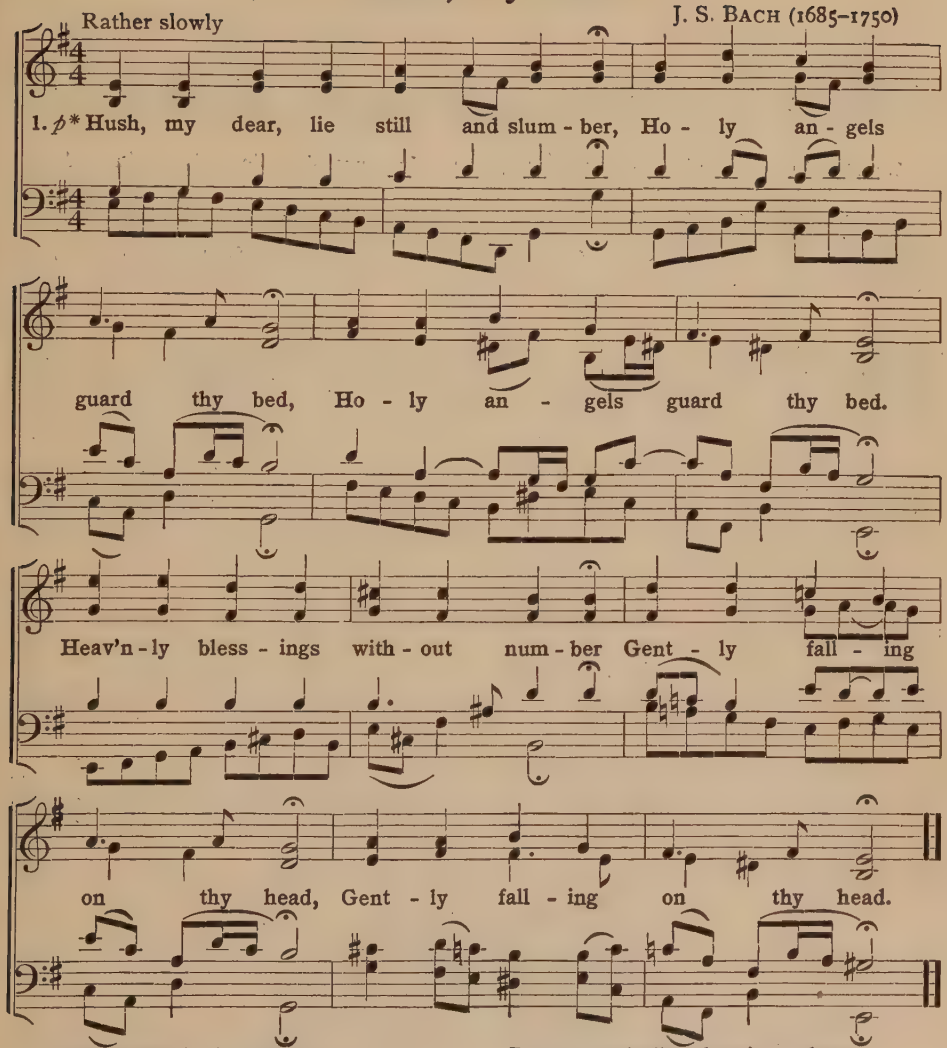

In moderate time
1. p What child is this who, laid to rest, On Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing? Whom
an - gels greet with an - thems sweet, While shepherds watch are keep - ing?
mf
This, this — is Christ, the King, Whom shepherds guard, and an - gels sing,
mf
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.

2 Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent word is pleading;
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne for me, for you;
Hail! Hail! the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

3 So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come peasant, king, to own Him;
The King of kings salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high;
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy! joy! for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Traditional

19 Hush, my dear


Rather slowly
J. S. Bach (1685–1750)
1. p* Hush, my dear, lie still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels
guard thy bed, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed.
Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out num - ber Gent - ly fall - ing
on thy head, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.

2 Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay,
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay,
And His softest bed was hay.

3 Lo, He slumbers in the manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed,
Where the hornèd oxen fed.
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
There's no oxen near thy bed,
There's no oxen near thy bed.

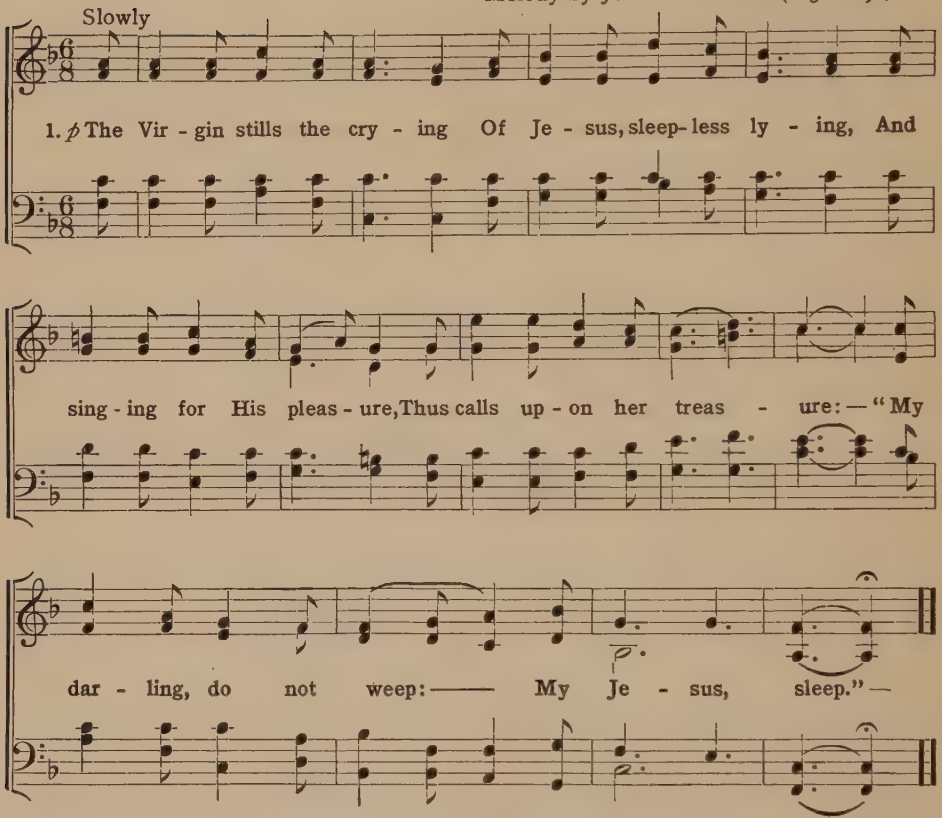
4 Mays't thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise,
See His face and sing His praise.

*Used by permission of Berta Elsmith and Thomas Whitney Surette.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

20 The Virgin stills the crying

Melody by JOSEPH BARNBY (1838–1896)


Slowly
1. The Vir - gin stills the cry - ing Of Je - sus, sleep - less ly - ing, And
sing - ing for His pleas - ure, Thus calls up - on her treas - ure: — "My
dar - ling, do not weep: —— My Je - sus, sleep." —

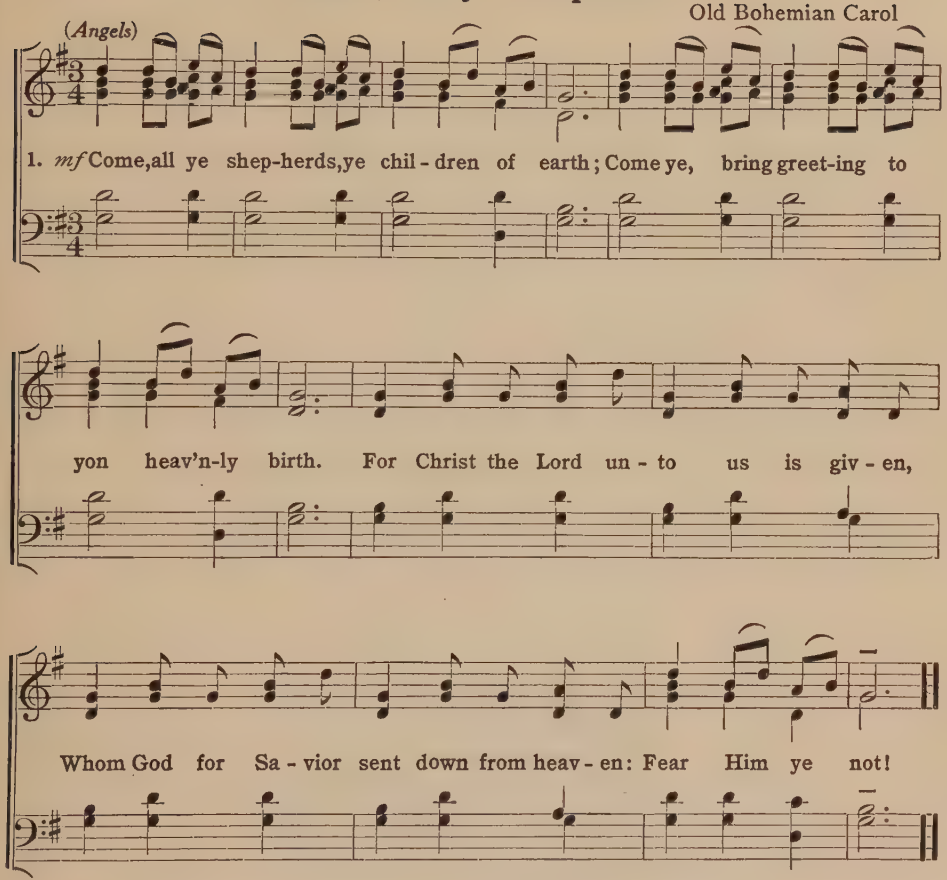
2 "O Lamb, my love inviting,
O Star, my soul delighting,
O Flower of mine own bearing,
O Jewel past comparing;
My darling, do not weep,
My Jesus, sleep.

3 "Say, wouldst Thou heav'nly sweetness,
Or love of answering meetness?
Or is fit music wanting?
Ho, Angels, raise your chanting.
My darling, do not weep,
My Jesus, sleep."

From the Latin
Translated by Henry Ramsden Bramley

21 Come, all ye shepherds

Old Bohemian Carol


(Angels)
1. mf Come, all ye shep-herds, ye chil-dren of earth; Come ye, bring greet-ing to
yon heav'n-ly birth. For Christ the Lord un-to us is giv-en,
Whom God for Sa-vior sent down from heav-en: Fear Him ye not!

2 (*Shepherds*) Hasten, then, hasten to Bethlehem's stall,
There to discover the heav'nly call.
With holy feeling, there humbly kneeling,
We will adore Him, bow down before Him,
Worship the King.

3 (*Angels and Shepherds*) Angels and shepherds together we go,
Seeking this Savior from all earthly woe;
While angels winging, His praises singing,
Heav'n's echoes ringing, peace on earth bringing,
Good will to men.

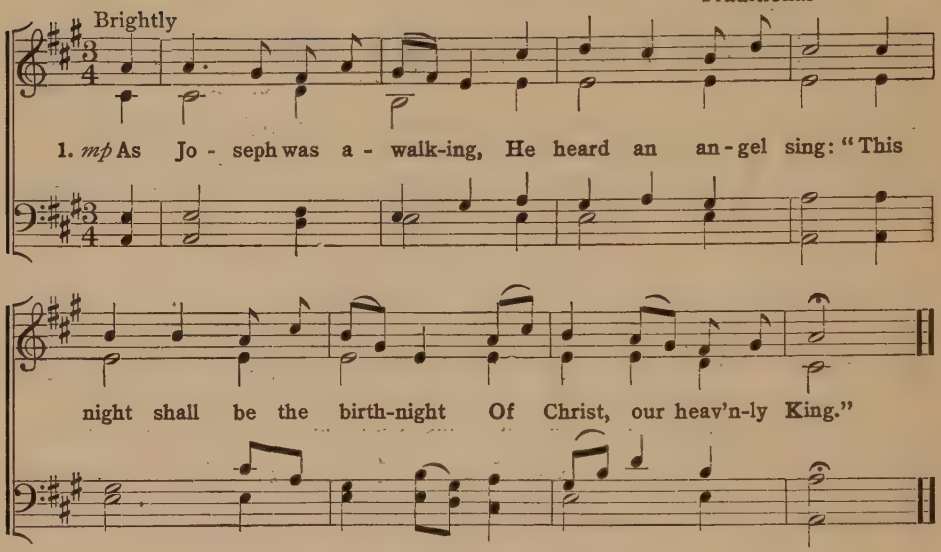
Translated by Mari R. Hofer* (1912)

*Words used by permission of the CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO.

22 As Joseph was a-walking

"The Cherry-tree Carol"

Traditional



2 "His birth-bed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.

3 "He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.

4 "He neither shall be clothéd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all."

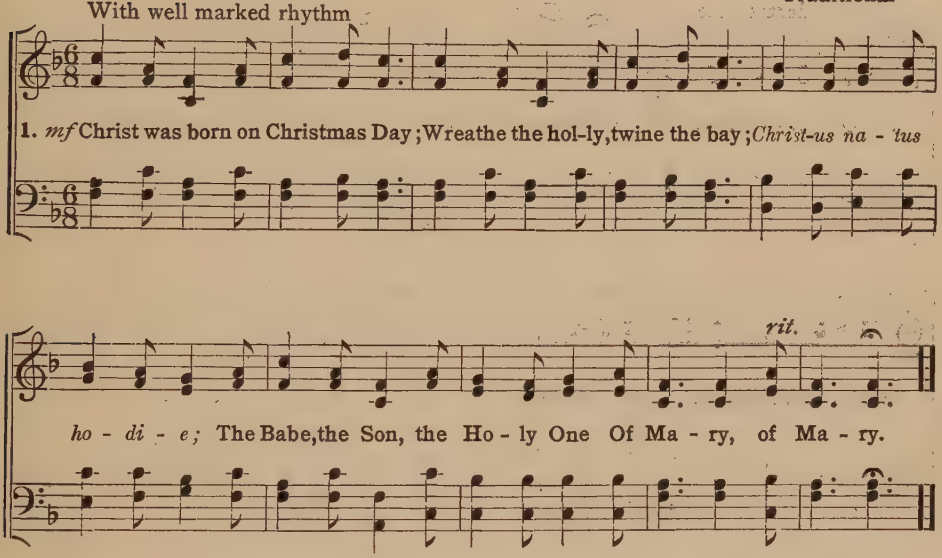
5 As Joseph was a-walking,
Thus did the angel sing;
And Mary's son at midnight
Was born to be our King.

6 Then be ye glad, good people,
At this time of the year,
And light you up your candles,
For His star shineth clear.

Traditional

23 Christ was born on Christmas Day

Traditional


With well marked rhythm
1. mf Christ was born on Christmas Day; Wreathe the hol-ly, twine the bay; Christ-us na - tus
rit.
ho - di - e; The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One Of Ma - ry, of Ma - ry.

2 He was born to set us free,
He was born our Lord to be,
Ex Maria Virgine;
The God, the Lord, by all adored
Forever.

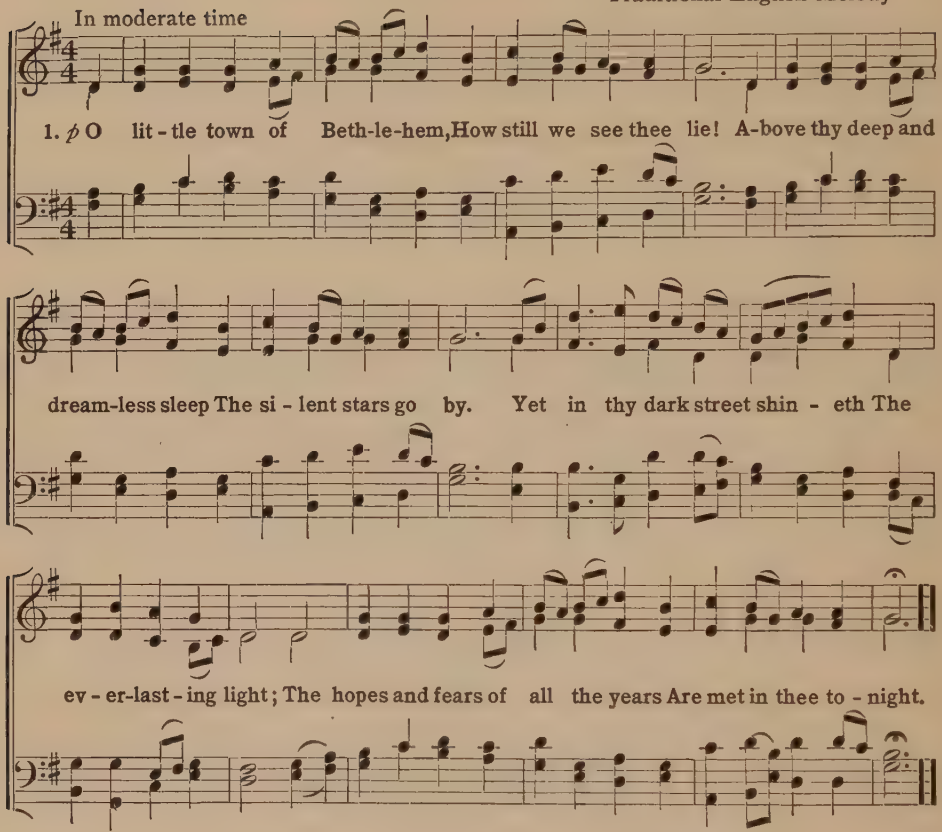
3 Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show;
Christus natus hodie;
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One
Of Mary.

4 Christian men, rejoice and sing;
'Tis the birthday of a King;
Ex Maria Virgine;
The God, the Lord, by all adored
Forever.

Traditional

24 O little town of Bethlehem

Traditional English Melody


In moderate time
1. p O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A-bove thy deep and
dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by. Yet in thy dark street shin - eth The
ev - er-last - ing light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heav'n.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Ch ist enters in.

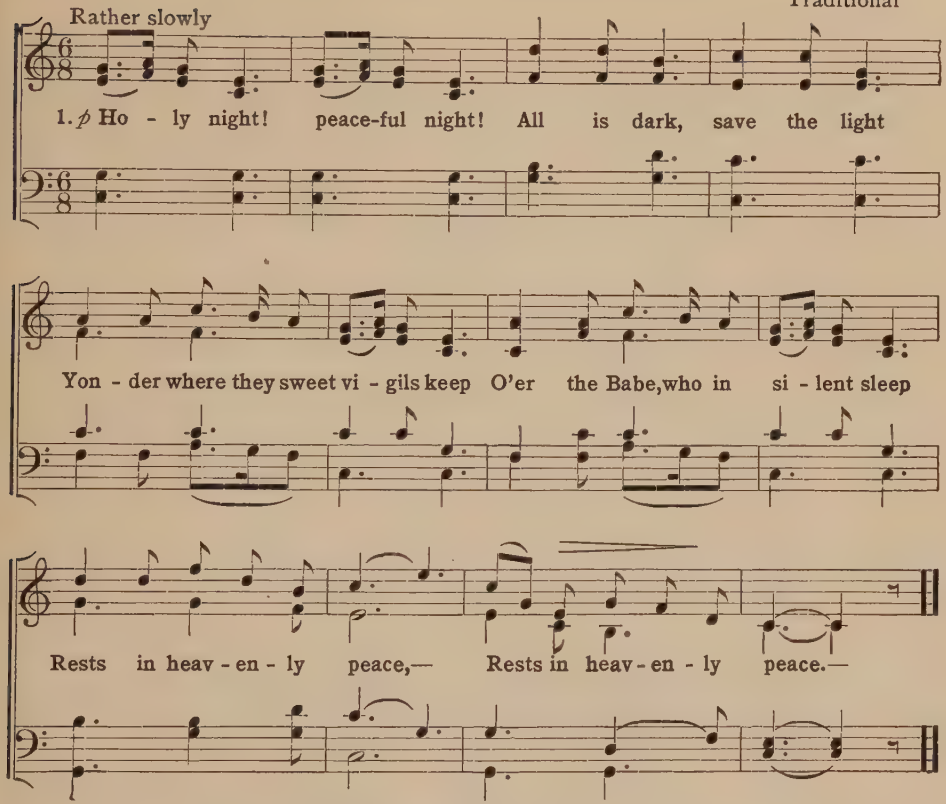
4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Bishop Phillips Brooks* (1868.

*Words used by permission of E. P. Dutton and Co.

25 Holy night, peaceful night

Traditional


Rather slowly
1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! All is dark, save the light
Yon - der where they sweet vi - gils keep O'er the Babe, who in si - lent sleep
Rests in heav - en - ly peace,— Rests in heav - en - ly peace.—

2 Silent night, holy night!
Darkness flies, all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing,
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus Christ is here!
Jesus Christ is here!"

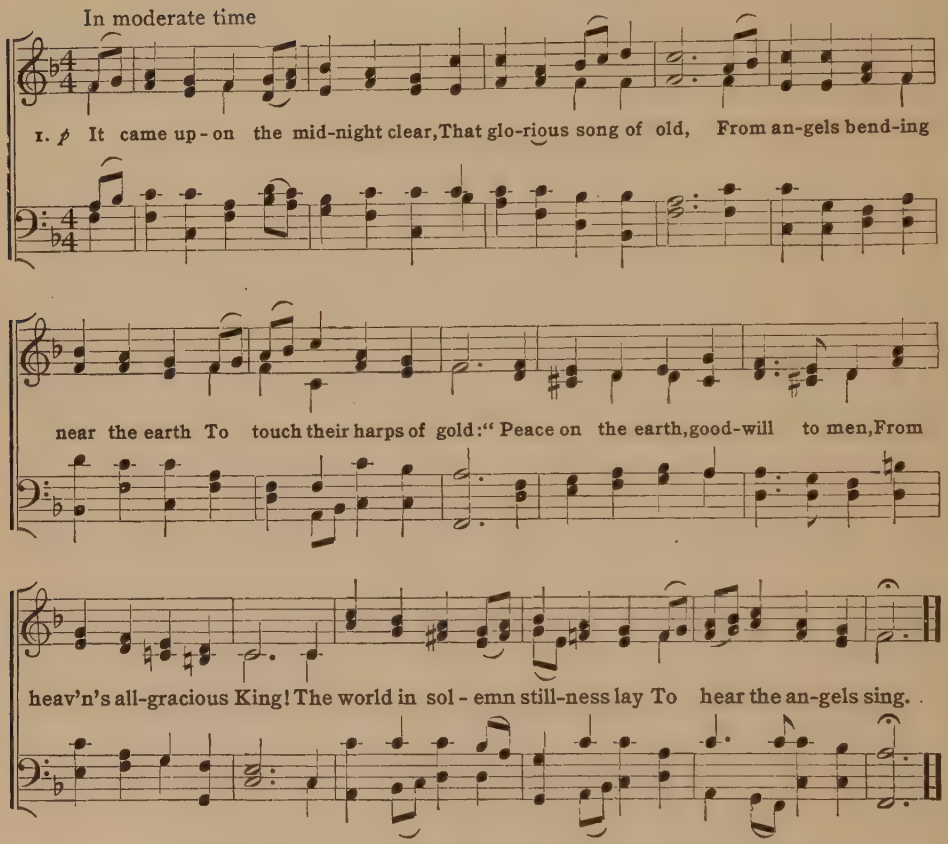
3 Silent night, peaceful night!
Child of heav'n, O how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy,
Full of heavenly joy.

Joseph Mohr (1818)
(Modified and abridged)

26 It came upon the midnight clear

"Noel"

Traditional air, adapted by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN (1842–1900)


In moderate time
1. p It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old, From an-gels bend-ing
near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From
heav'n's all-gracious King! The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heav'nly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

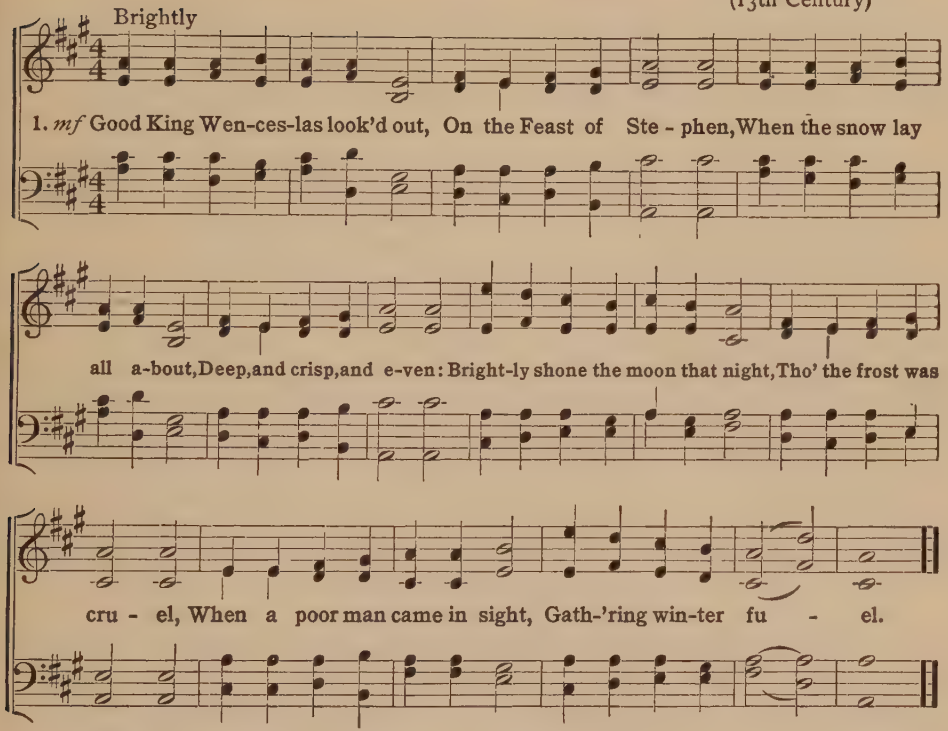
3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow.
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears (1850)

27 Good King Wenceslas

Traditional Melody
(13th Century)


Brightly
1. mf Good King Wen-ces-las look'd out, On the Feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay
all a-bout, Deep, and crisp, and e-ven: Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was
cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath-'ring win-ter fu - el.

2 (*King*)
"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling."
(*Page*)
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3 (*King*)
"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
(*Chorus*)
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

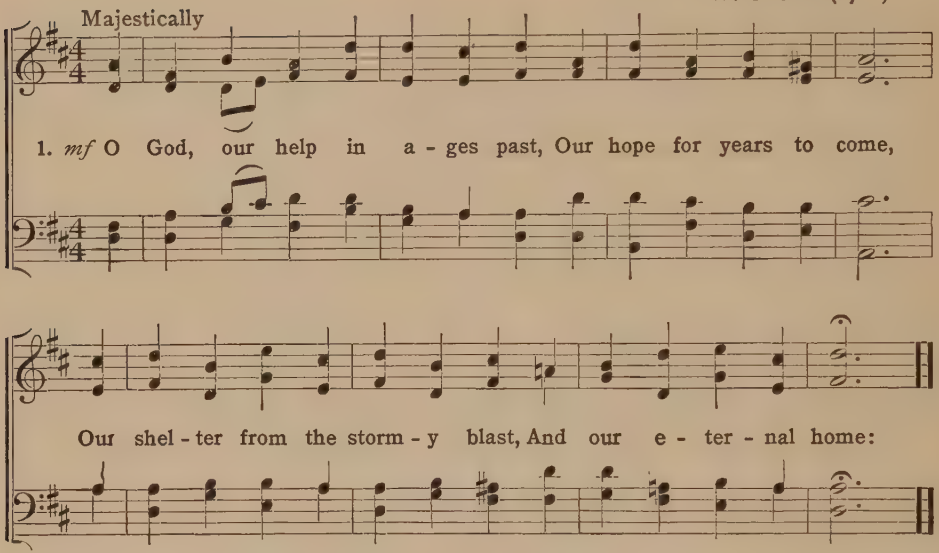
4 (*Page*)
"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
(*King*)
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly,
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5 (*Chorus*)
In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

John M. Neale, (1853)

28 O God, our help in ages past

"*St. Anne*'
W. CROFT (1708)


Majestically
1. *mf* O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

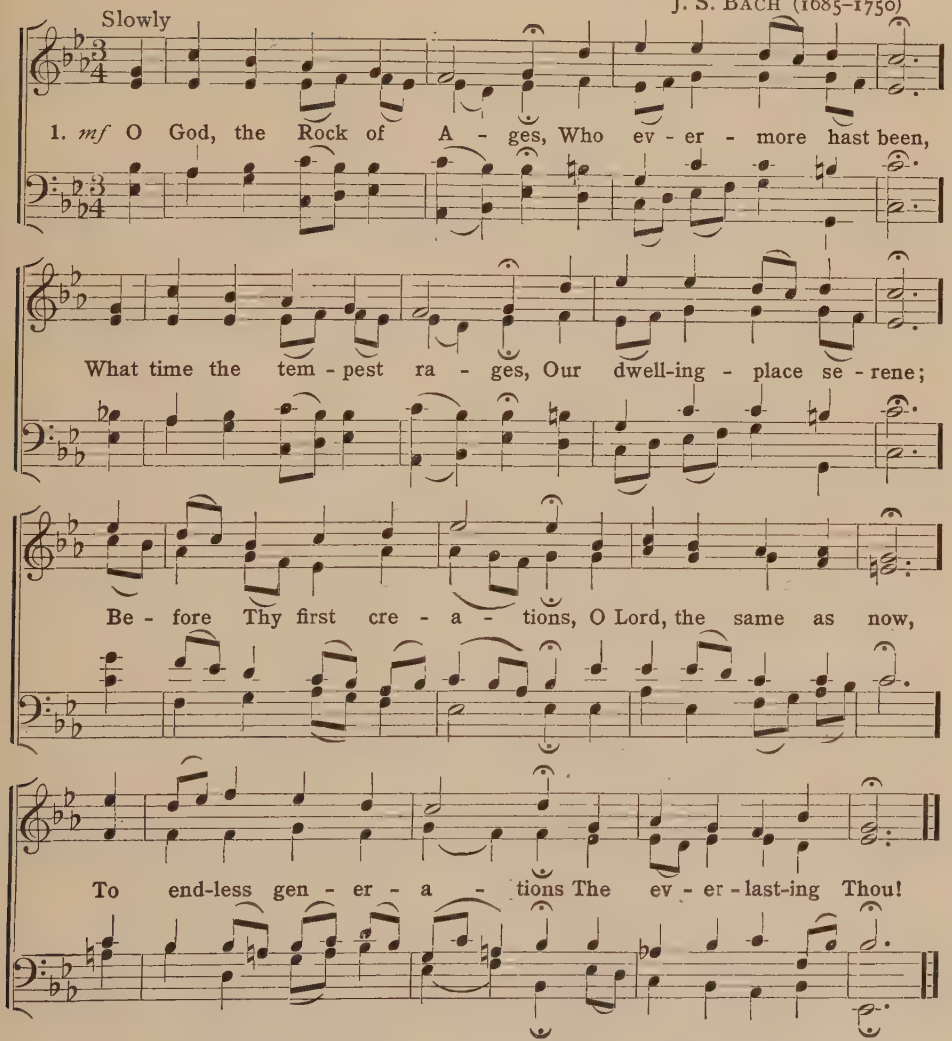
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts (1719)

29 O God, the Rock of Ages

"*Passion Chorale*"
J. S. BACH (1685–1750)

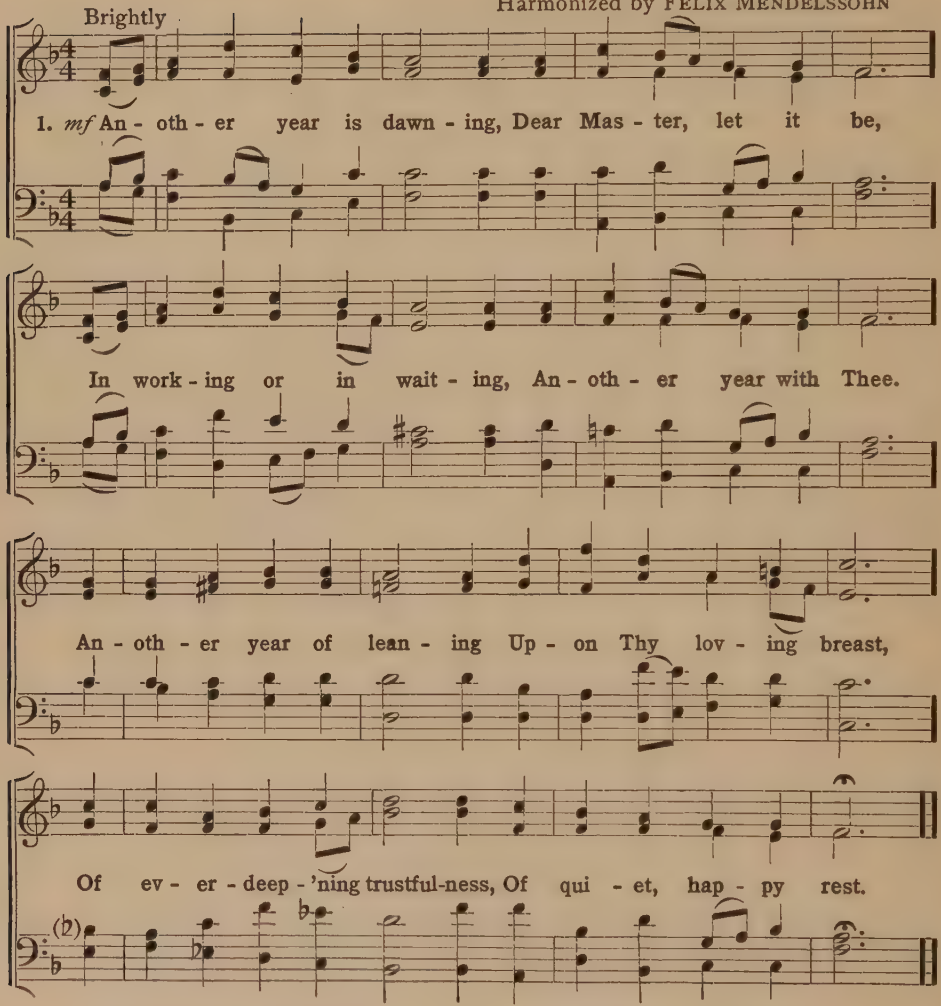

Slowly
1. *mf* O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell-ing - place se - rene;
Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
To end-less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last-ing Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth (1860)

30 Another year is dawning

"Munich"
J. G. C. STÖRIS CHORALBUCH (1710)
Harmonized by FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Brightly
1. mf An - oth - er year is dawn - ing, Dear Mas - ter, let it be,
In work - ing or in wait - ing, An - oth - er year with Thee.
An - oth - er year of lean - ing Up - on Thy lov - ing breast,
Of ev - er - deep - 'ning trustful-ness, Of qui - et, hap - py rest.

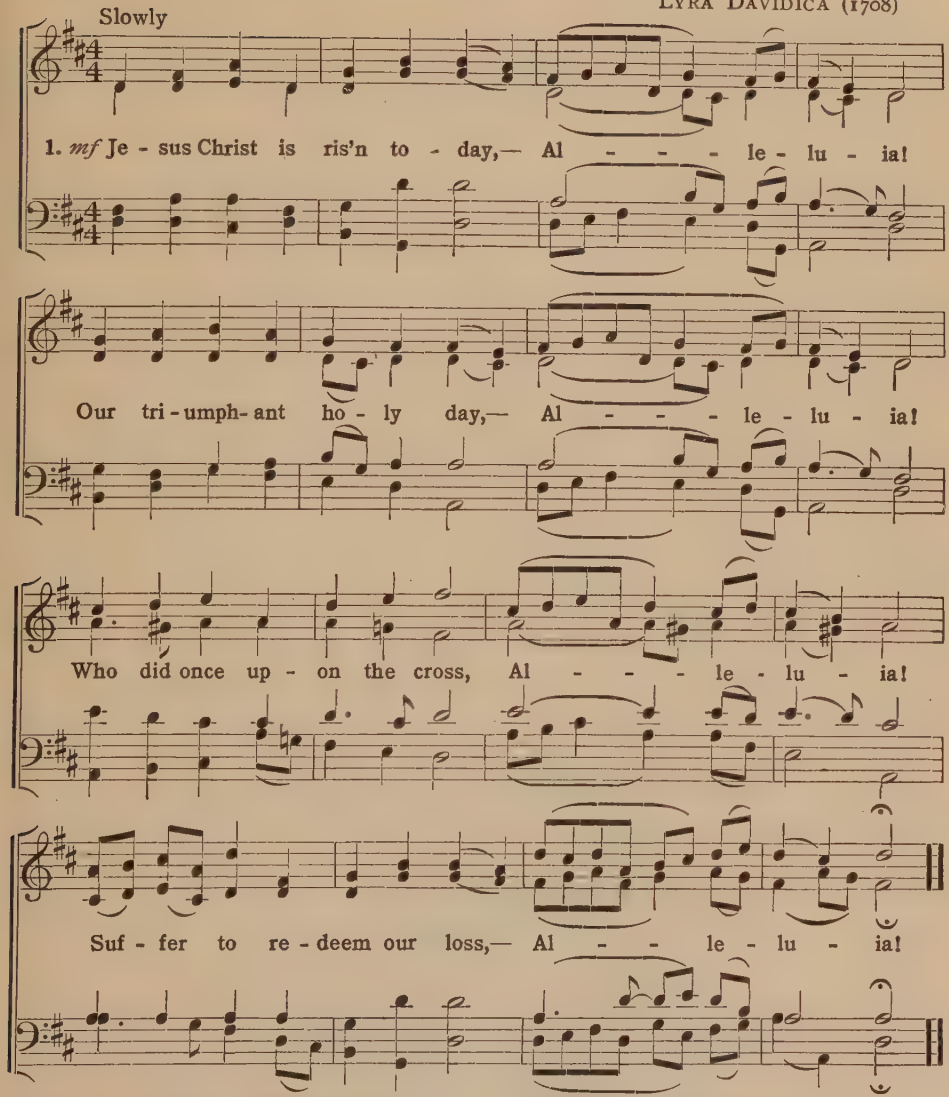
2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

3 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

Frances R. Havergal (1836–1879)

31 Jesus Christ is risen today

"*Easter Hymn*"
LYRA DAVIDICA (1708)


Slowly
1. mf Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day,— Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - umph- ant ho - ly day,— Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss,— Al - - - le - lu - ia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heav'nly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia!

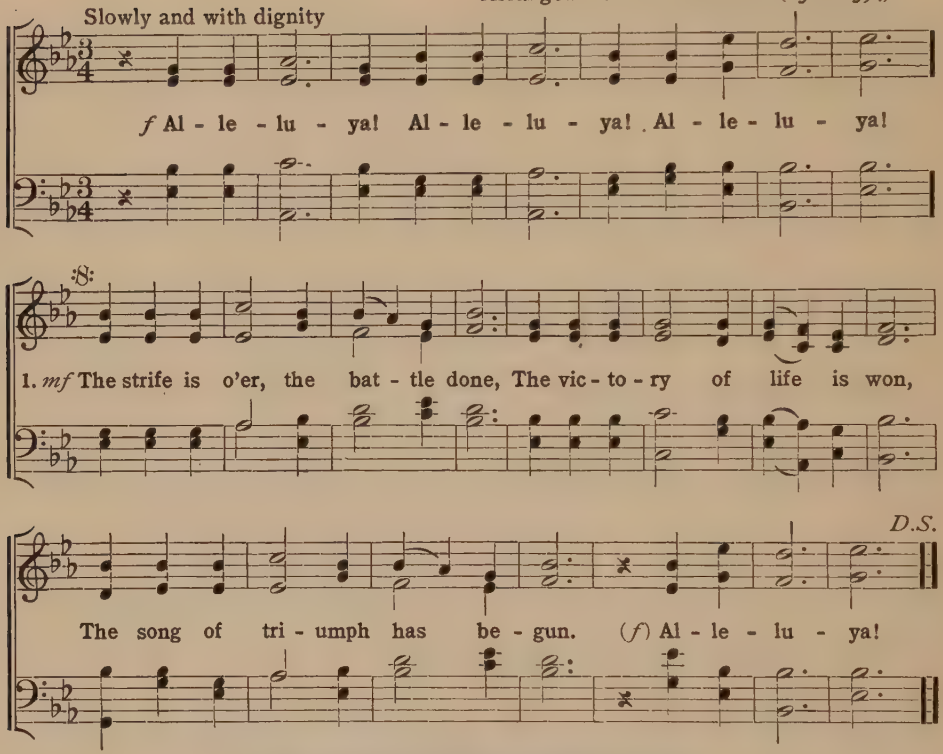
3 But the pains which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's king, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

From the Latin, 14th Century
Translated by Tate and Brady

32 The strife is o'er

"*Victory*"

Arranged from PALESTRINA (1526–1594)


Slowly and with dignity
f Al - le - lu - ya! Al - le - lu - ya! Al - le - lu - ya!
1. mf The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won,
D.S.
The song of tri - umph has be - gun. (f) Al - le - lu - ya!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

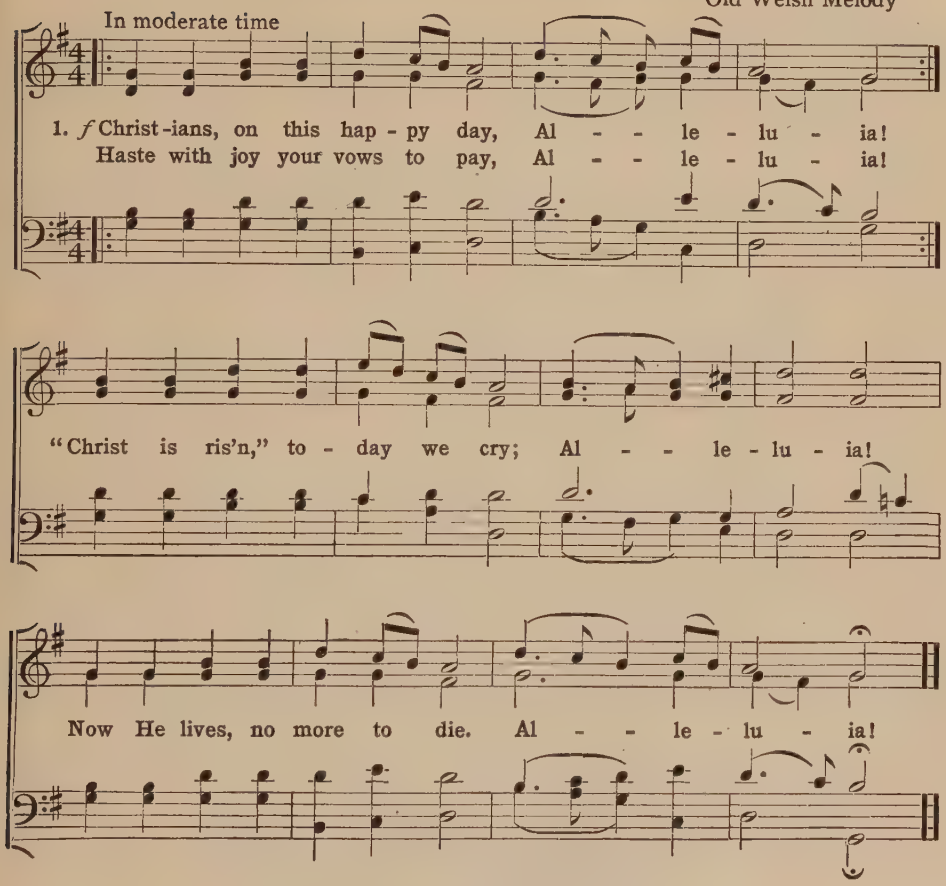
4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

From the Latin
Translated by Francis Pott (1861)

33 Christians, on this happy day

"Llanfair"
Old Welsh Melody


In moderate time
1. f Christ-ians, on this hap-py day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Haste with joy your vows to pay, Al - - le - lu - ia!
"Christ is ris'n," to-day we cry; Al - - le-lu - ia!
Now He lives, no more to die. Al - - le - lu - ia!

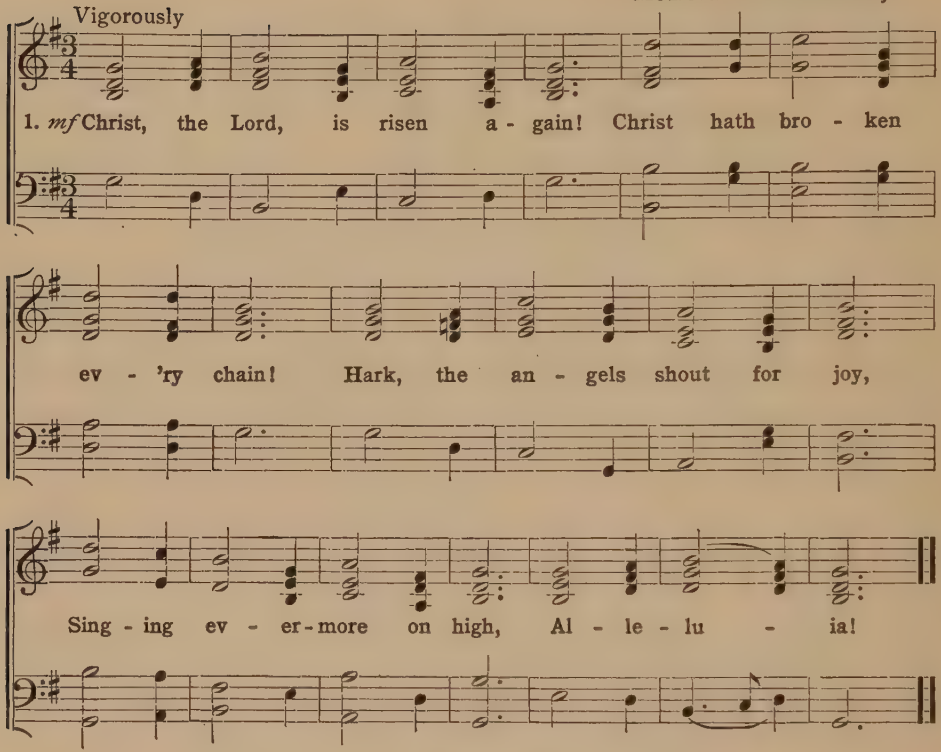
2 Christ who once for sinners bled,
Now arisen from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Live and reign forever more. Alleluia!

3 Hail, eternal Hope on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory!
Hail, Thou Prince of life, adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord! Alleluia!

Medieval Sequence
Translated by Jane Eliza Leeson (1851)
(Modified and Abridged)

34 Christ, the Lord, is risen again

"*Orientis Partibus*"
Medieval French Melody


Vigorously
1. *mf* Christ, the Lord, is risen a - gain! Christ hath bro - ken
ev - 'ry chain! Hark, the an - gels shout for joy,
Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia!

2 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry; Alleluia!

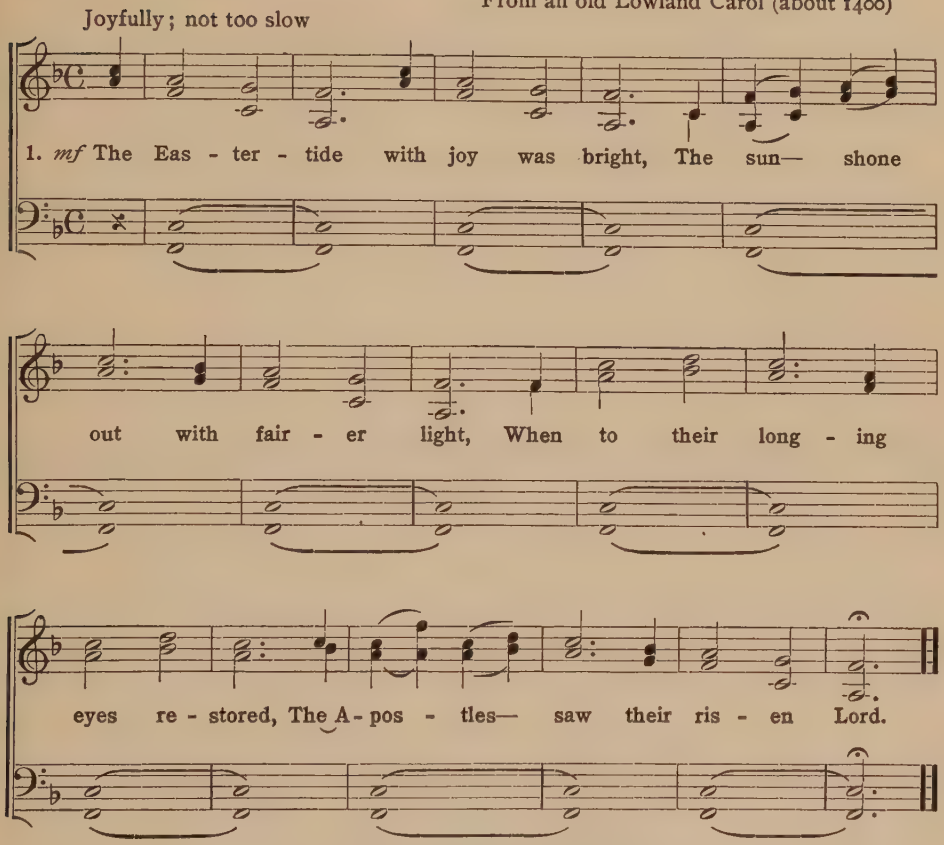
3 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings; Alleluia!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heav'n; Alleluia!

Michael Weisse (1531)
Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1858)
(Abridged)

35 The Eastertide with joy was bright

From an old Lowland Carol (about 1400)


Joyfully; not too slow
1. mf The Eas - ter - tide with joy was bright, The sun— shone
out with fair - er light, When to their long - ing
eyes re - stored, The A - pos - tles— saw their ris - en Lord.

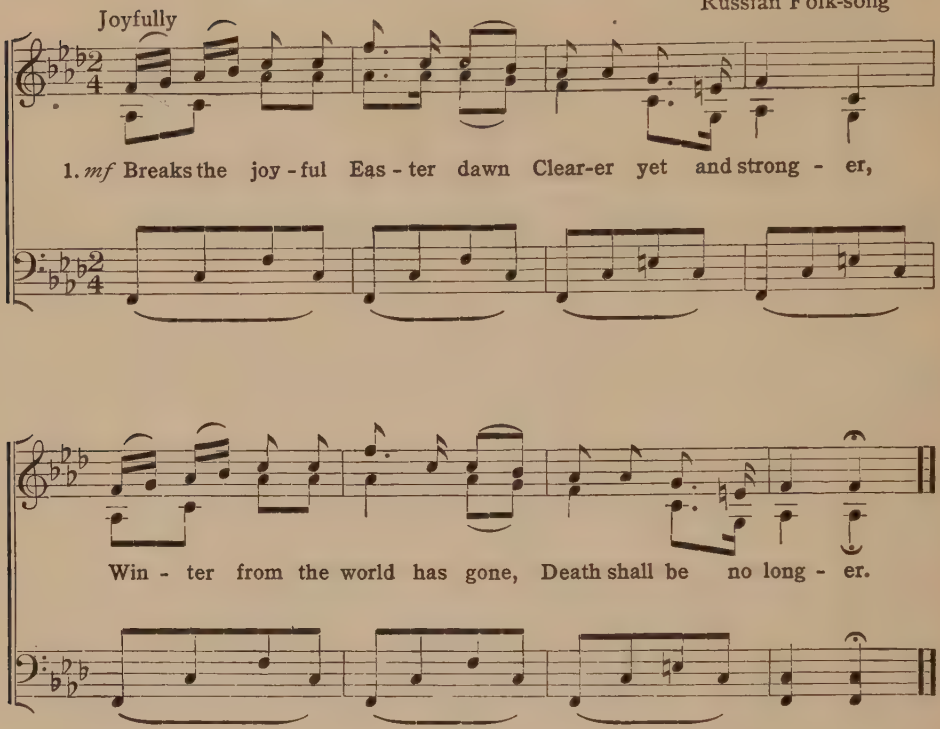
2 He bade them see His hands, His side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide,
The tokens true which made it plain
Their Lord, indeed, was ris'n again.

3 O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide.
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed forever shield.

Translated by John M. Neale (1818–1866)

36 Breaks the joyful Easter dawn

Russian Folk-song


Joyfully
1. mf Breaks the joy - ful Eas - ter dawn Clear-er yet and strong - er,
Win - ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no long - er.

2 Far away good angels drive
Night and sin and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

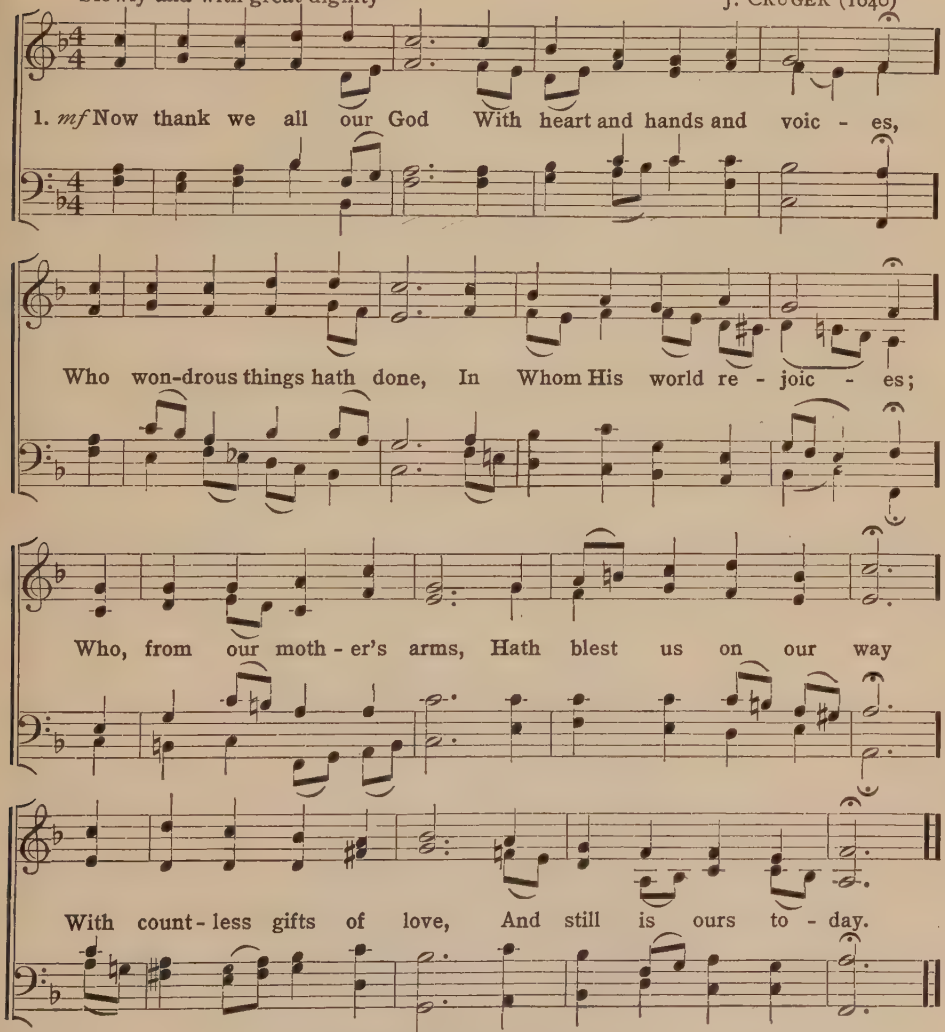
3 Every little buried bud
Into life He raises,
Every wild-flower of the wood
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Lucy Larcom (1826–1893)
(Abridged)

37 Now thank we all our God

Slowly and with great dignity

"*Nun Danket*"
J. CRÜGER (1640)

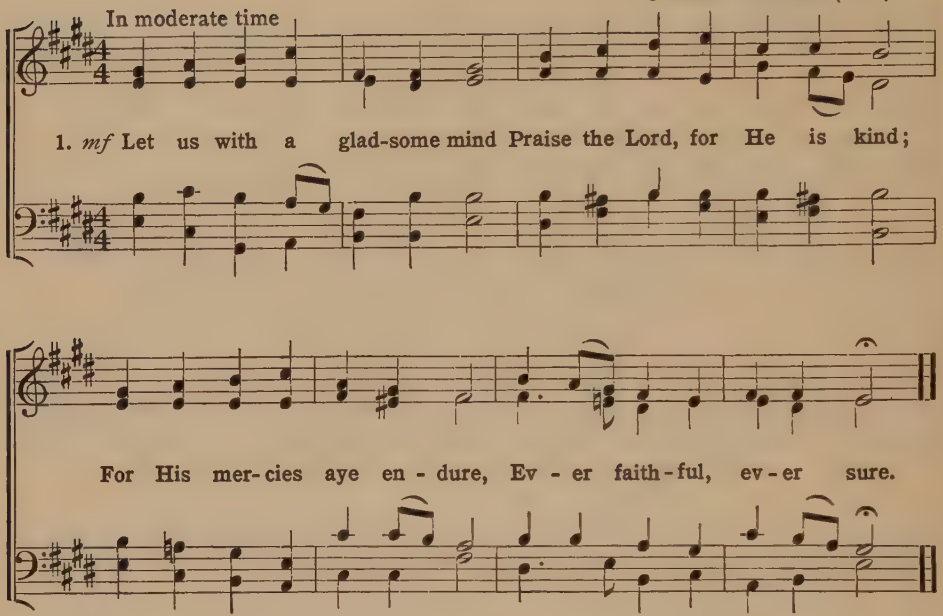

1. *mf* Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,
Who won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joic - es;
Who, from our moth - er's arms, Hath blest us on our way
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

Martin Rinkart (1644)
Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1858)

38 Let us with a gladsome mind

"*Gibbons*"
Orlando Gibbons (1628)


In moderate time
1. *mf* Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.

2 He with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

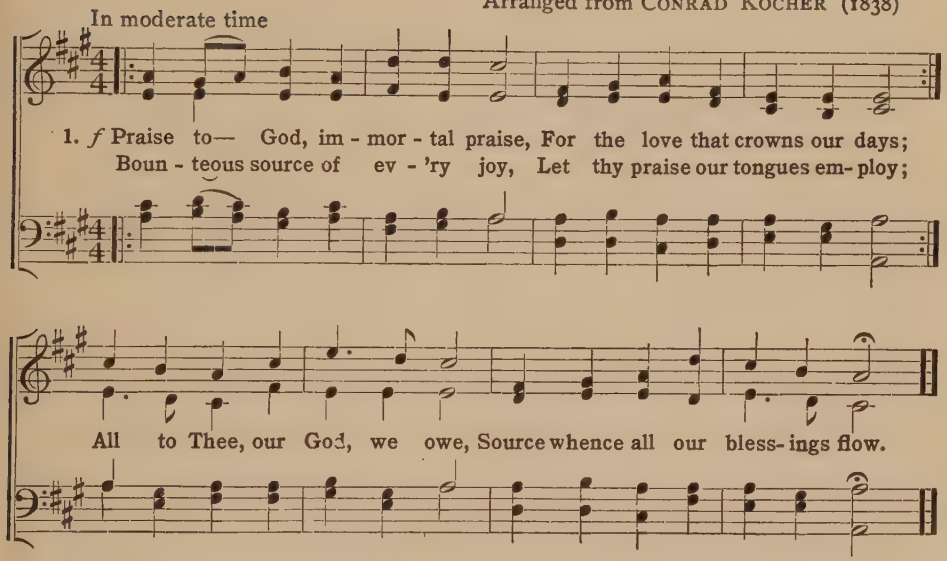
4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton (1623)

39 Praise to God, immortal praise

"*Dix*"
Arranged from CONRAD KOCHER (1838)


In moderate time
1. f Praise to— God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em- ploy;
All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless- ings flow.

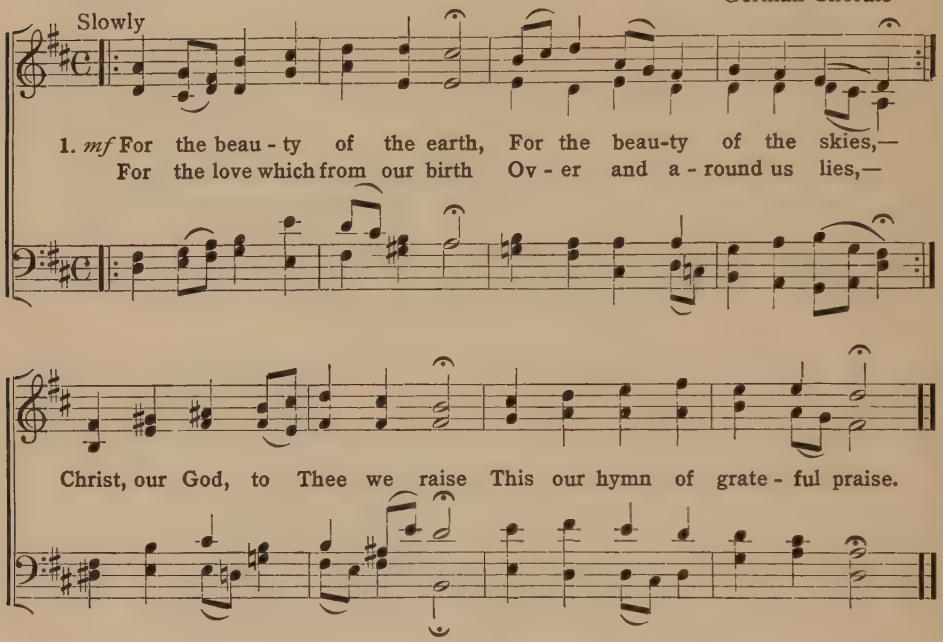
2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

Anna L. Barbauld (1772)
(Modified and Abridged)

40 For the beauty of the earth

German Chorale


Slowly
1. mf For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies,—
For the love which from our birth Ov - er and a - round us lies,—
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

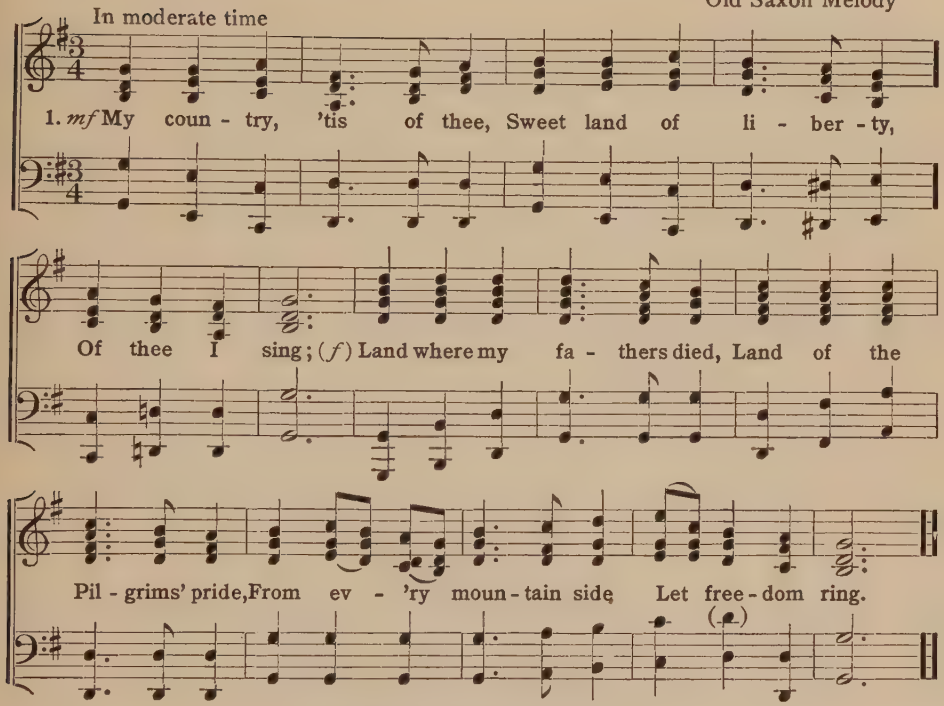
3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thyself, best gift divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heav'n:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Folliott S. Pierpont (1864)
(Abridged)

41 My country, 'tis of thee

"*America*"
Old Saxon Melody


In moderate time
1. mf My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li - ber - ty,
Of thee I sing; (f) Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

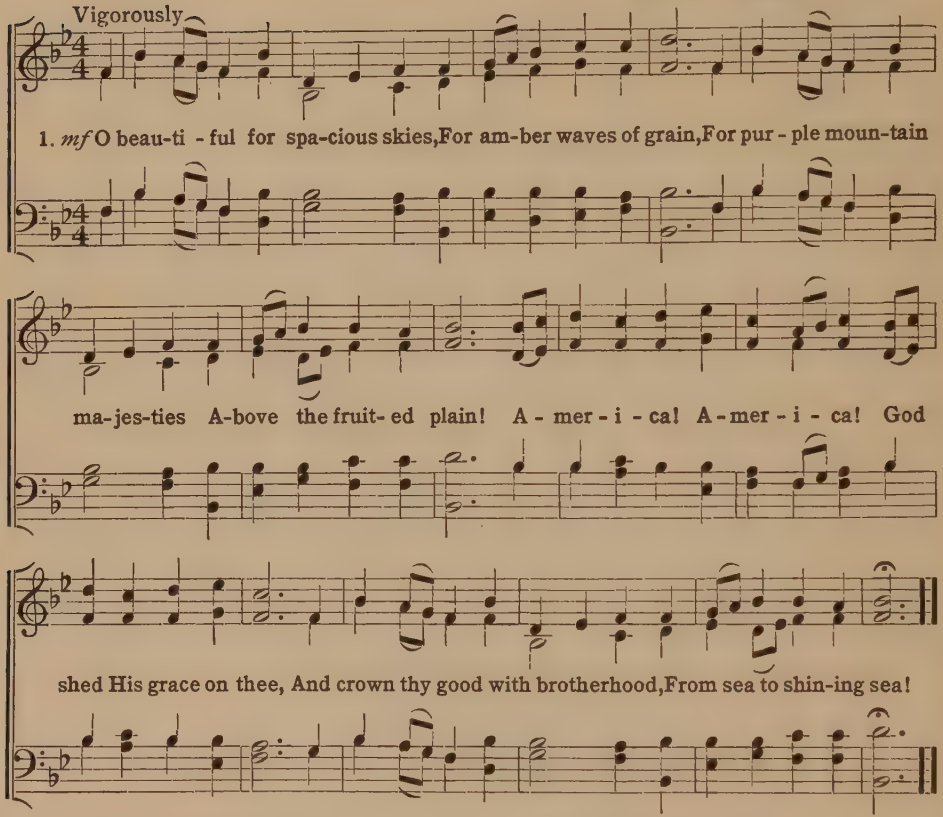
4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith (1832)

42 O beautiful for spacious skies

"*Ellacombe*"

Mainz Gesangbuch (1833)


Vigorously
1. *mf* O beau-ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For pur - ple moun-tain
ma-jes-ties A-bove the fruit- ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood, From sea to shin-ing sea!

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

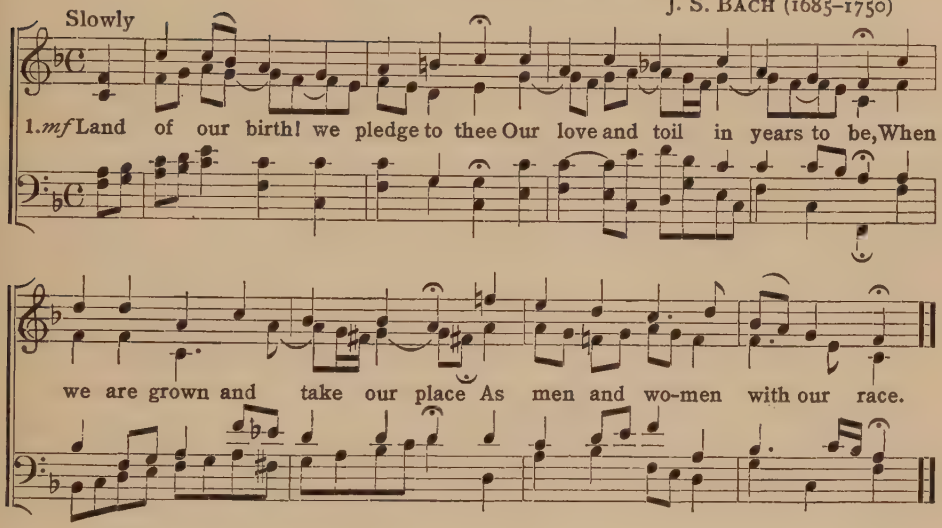
3 O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Katharine Lee Bates (1904)

43 Land of our birth

J. S. BACH (1685–1750)


Slowly
1. mf Land of our birth! we pledge to thee Our love and toil in years to be, When
we are grown and take our place As men and wo-men with our race.

2 Father in heav'n, who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage.

3 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth,
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

4 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

5 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for judge and not our friends,
That we with Thee may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

6 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

7 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

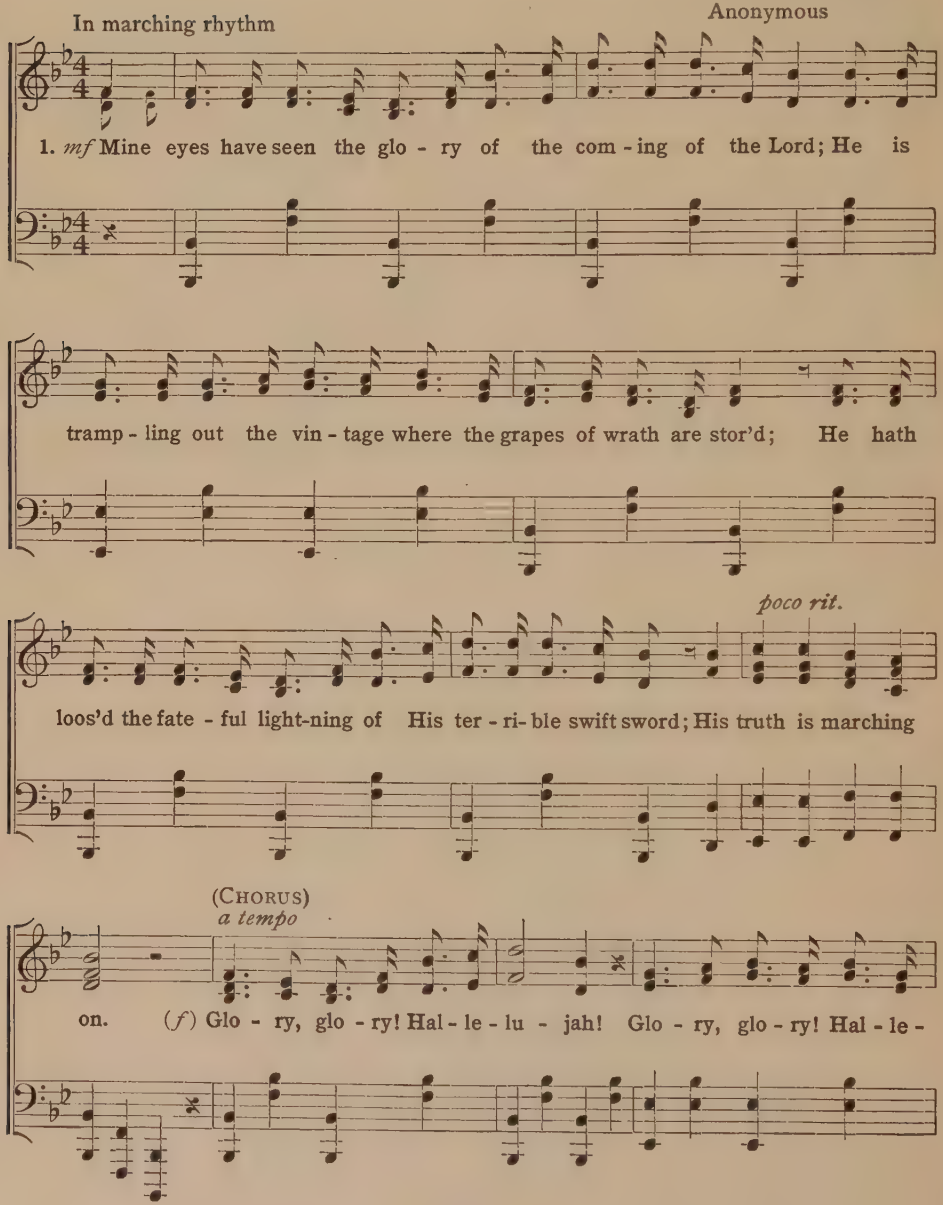
8 Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand, through years to be.

Rudyard Kipling* (1906)

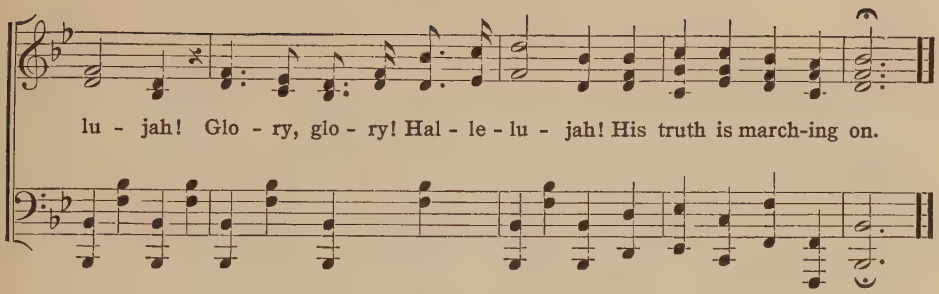
*Words used by permission of Doubleday Page & Co.

44 Mine eyes have seen the glory

"*Battle Hymn of the Republic*"
Anonymous


In marching rhythm
1. *mf* Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath
poco rit.
loos'd the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is marching
(Chorus)
a tempo
on. (*f*) Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le -

NATIONAL



2 I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah! etc.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in rows of burnished steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:"
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.
Glory, glory! Hallelujah! etc.

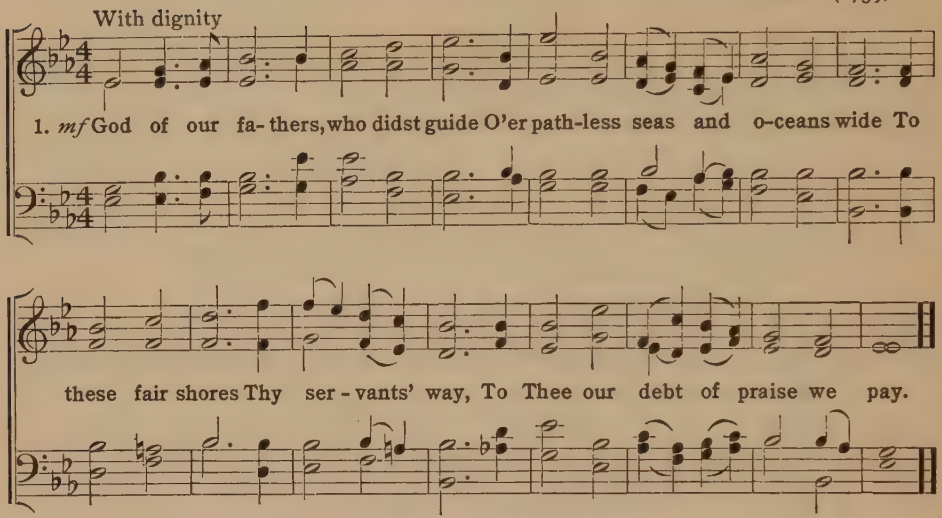
4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Glory, glory! Hallelujah! etc.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
Glory, glory! Hallelujah! etc.

Julia Ward Howe (1861)

45 God of our fathers who didst guide

"*Truro*"
C. BURNEY (1739)


With dignity
1. *mf* God of our fa- thers, who didst guide O'er path-less seas and o-ceans wide To
these fair shores Thy ser - vants' way, To Thee our debt of praise we pay.

2 In perils of the land and sea
Our fathers were upheld by Thee,
And every passing year has brought
Its tokens of Thy loving thought.

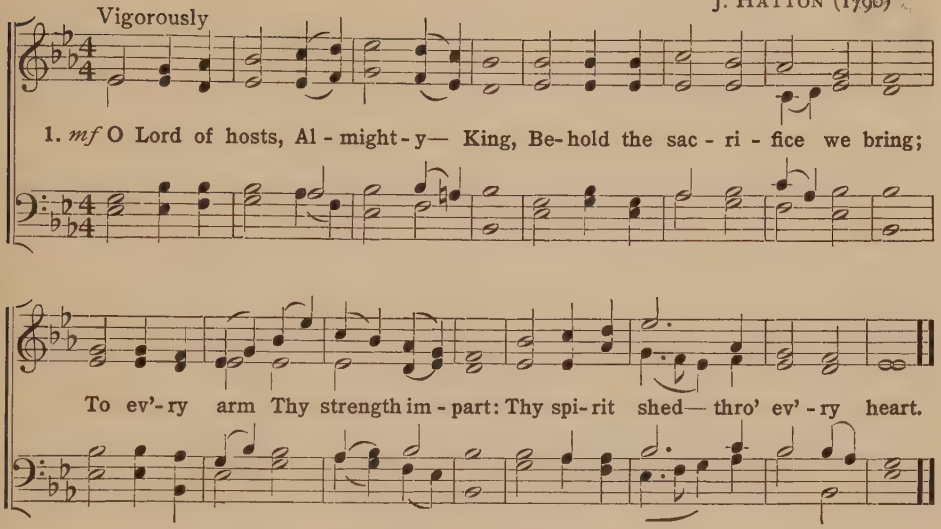
3 Thou knowest how with faith sublime,
They fought for freedom in their time,
Their courage fed by heav'nly flame,
Their talisman Thy holy name.

4 Great God, our fathers' God, defend
Our land from all her foes, and send
On us, Thy servants, streams of grace,
And guide our feet in paths of peace.

George A. Warberton

46 O Lord of hosts, Almighty King

"*Duke Street*"
J. HATTON (1790)


Vigorously
1. *mf* O Lord of hosts, Al - might - y— King, Be - hold the sac - ri - fice we bring;
To ev'- ry arm Thy strength im - part: Thy spi - rit shed— thro' ev' - ry heart.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

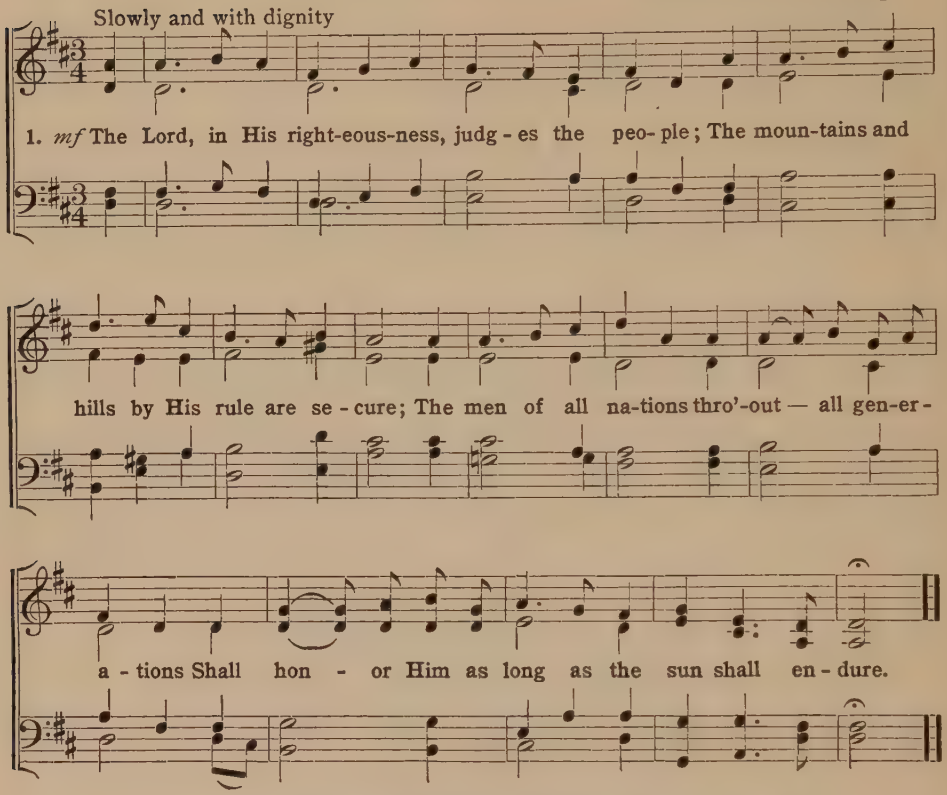
5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to Thee.

Oliver Wendell Holmes * (1861)

*Words used by permission of HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

47 The Lord, in His righteousness

Netherlands Folk-song


Slowly and with dignity
1. mf The Lord, in His right-eous-ness, judg - es the peo- ple; The moun-tains and
hills by His rule are se - cure; The men of all na-tions thro'-out — all gen-er -
a - tions Shall hon - or Him as long as the sun shall en - dure.

2 His blessings He scatters like showers from the heav'ns,
Like rain on the fields when the grass is new mown;
His peace is descending, abundant, never ending;
The needy and oppressed doth He count as His own.

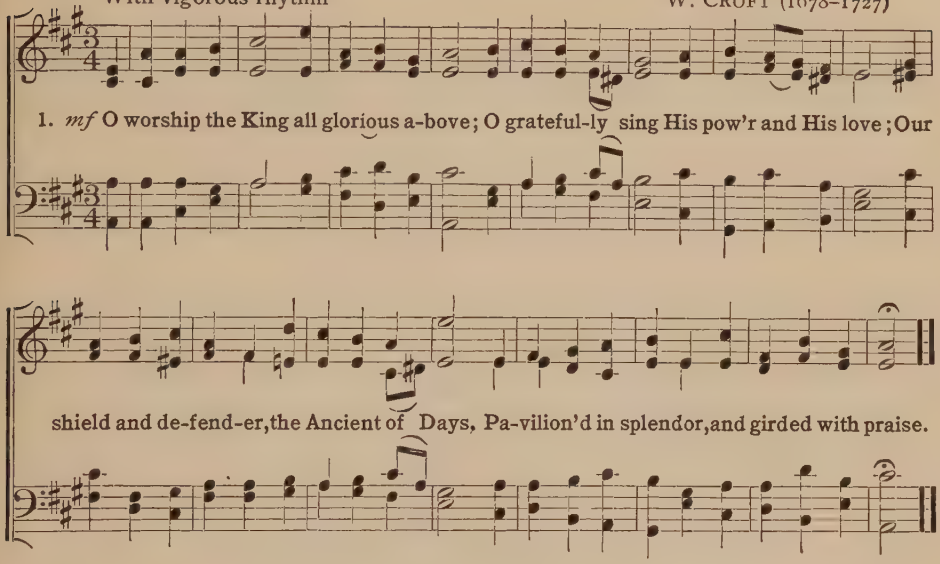
3 From sea unto sea shall He spread His dominion,
From the end of the earth to the rivers that run;
The isles of the ocean shall offer Him devotion,
All kings shall bow before Him, all nations be one.

Psalm 72
Paraphrased by Katherine Huntington

48 O worship the King

With vigorous rhythm

"*Hanover*"
W. CROFT (1678–1727)


1. *mf* O worship the King all glorious a-bove; O grateful-ly sing His pow'r and His love; Our
shield and de-fend-er, the Ancient of Days, Pa-vilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

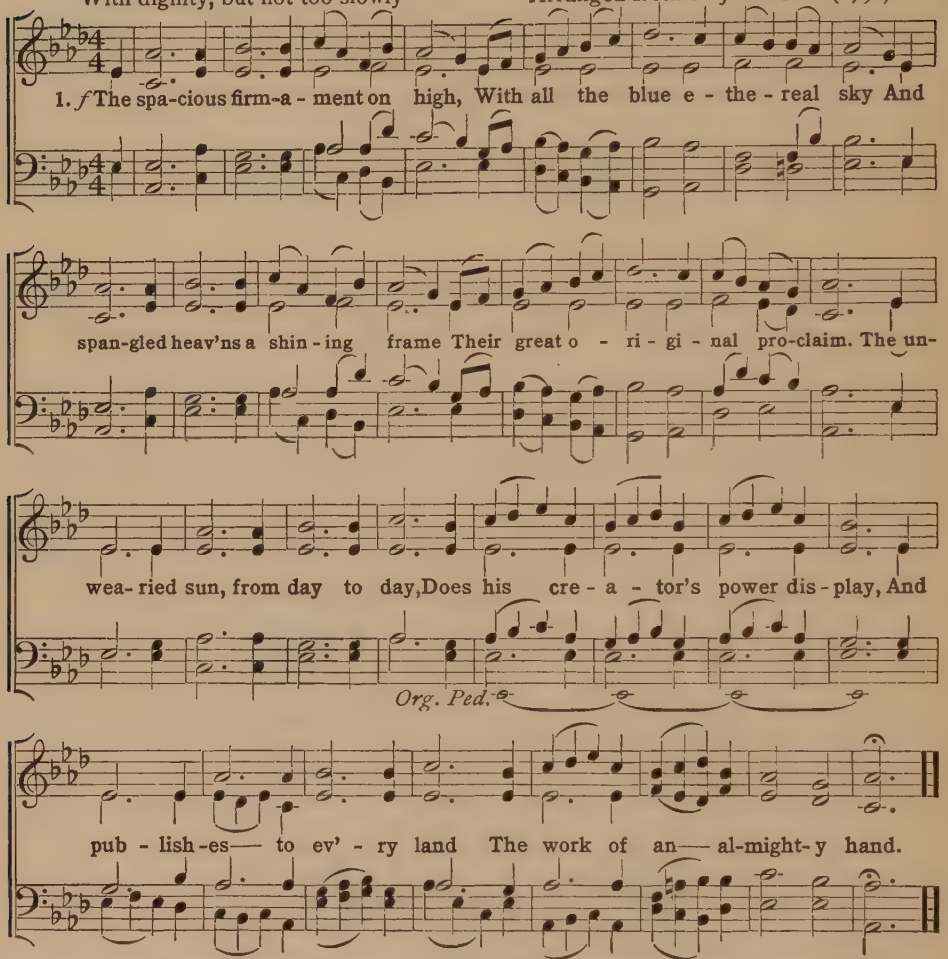
5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant (1833)

49 The spacious firmament on high

"Creation"

With dignity, but not too slowly — Arranged from F. J. HAYDN (1798)

1. f The spa-cious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky And
span-gled heav'ns a shin-ing frame Their great o-ri-gi-nal pro-claim. The un-
wea-ried sun, from day to day, Does his cre-a-tor's power dis-play, And
Org. Ped.
pub-lish-es— to ev'-ry land The work of an— al-might-y hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

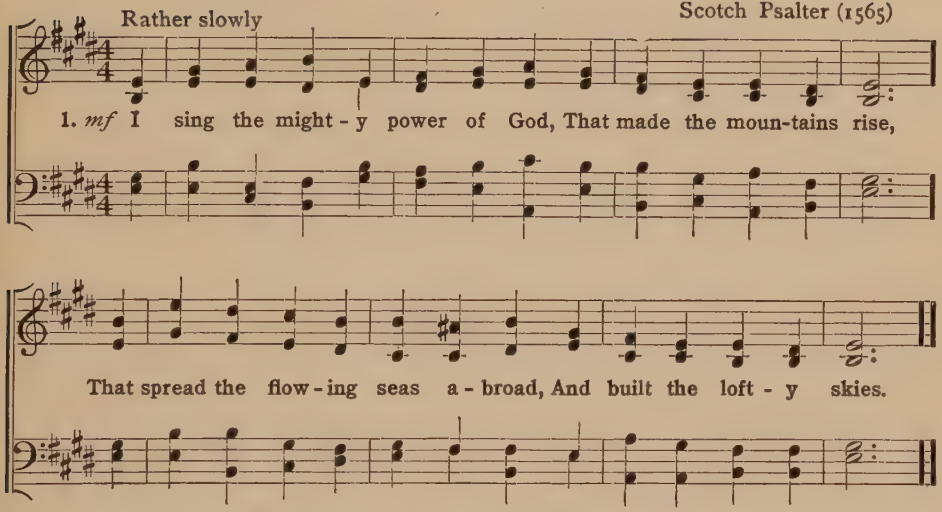
3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison (1712)

50 I sing the mighty power of God

"*Dundee*"

Scotch Psalter (1565)


Rather slowly
1. *mf* I sing the might - y power of God, That made the moun-tains rise,
That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known:
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

5 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

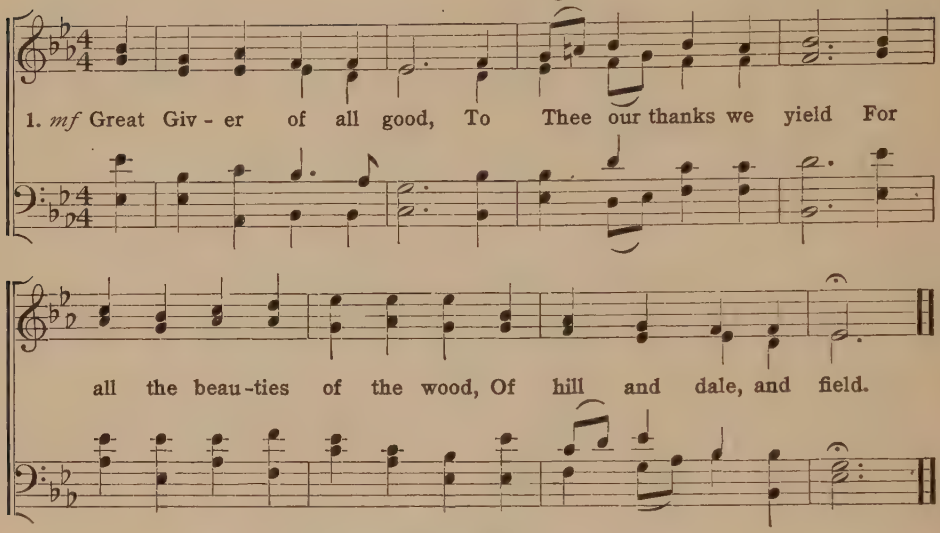
6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts (1715)

51 Great Giver of all good

"Swabia"
Old German Chorale
Arranged by W. H. HAVERGAL (1847)

In moderate time



2 Ten thousand various flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear,
And joyous birds in woodland bowers
Sing forth Thy tender care.

3 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim Thy wonders still.

4 But trees, and fields, and skies
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

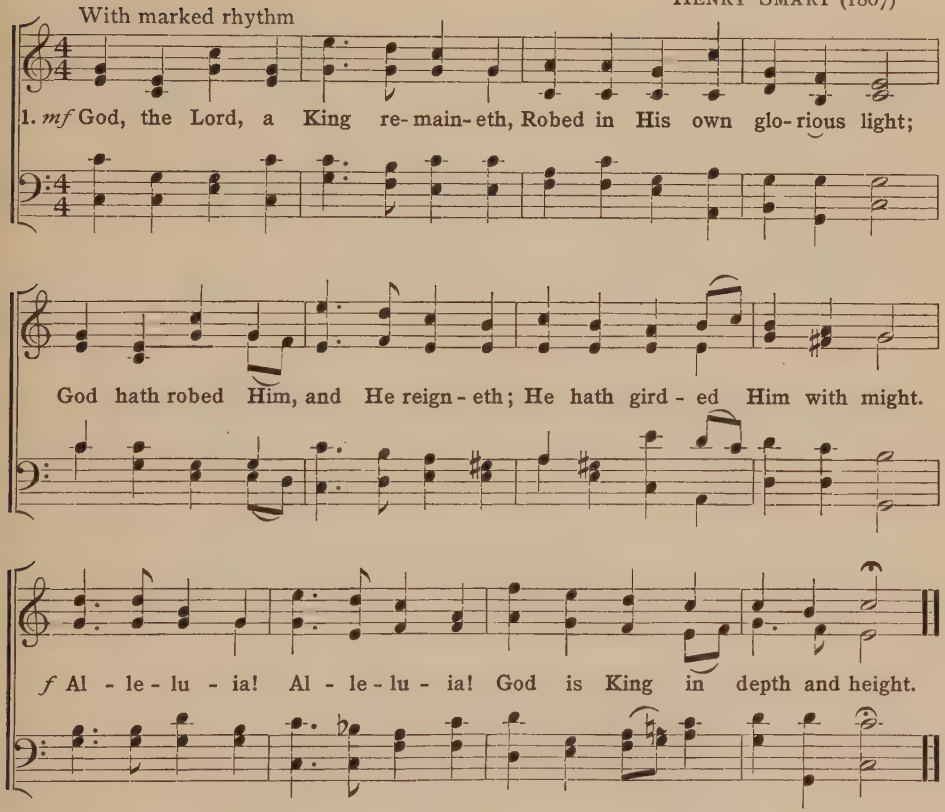
5 These loving hearts of ours
Thy holy Name would bless;
The blossoms of the thousand flowers
Would please the Savior less.

6 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die;
O tune them all to sing Thy praise
In better songs on high.

Asa Fitz (1854)
Recast by Godfrey Thring (1882)

52 God, the Lord, a King remaineth

"Regent Square"
HENRY SMART (1867)


With marked rhythm
1. mf God, the Lord, a King re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;
God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth; He hath gird-ed Him with might.
f Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God is King in depth and height.

2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more:
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean floods have lift their roar;
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
For the ocean's sounding store.

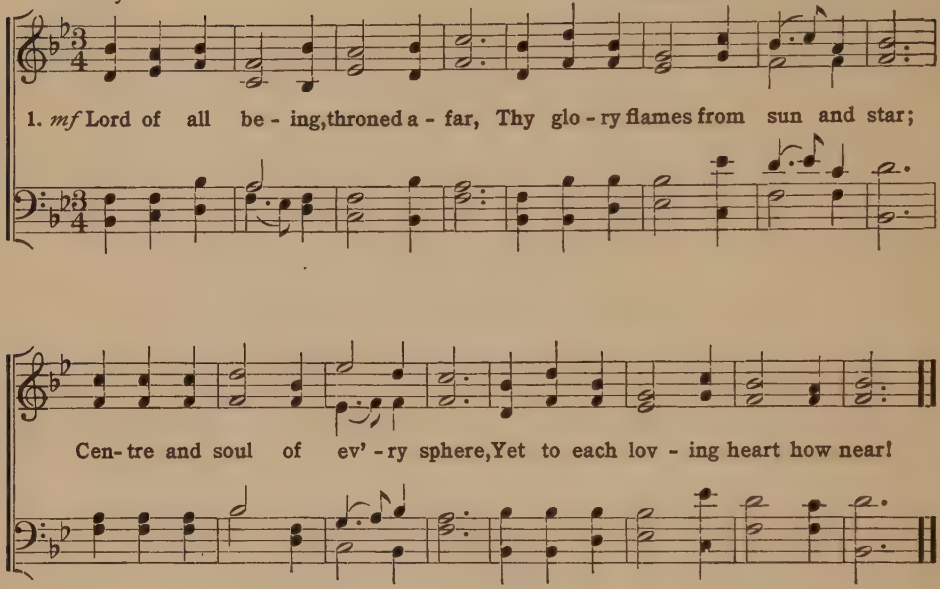
4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beautious without ending,
God who reigns on heav'n's high steep.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity:
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

John Keble (1839)

53 Lord of all being, throned afar

"*Mendon*"
German Melody
Arranged by S. Dyer (1814)


Slowly
1. *mf* Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev' - ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

2 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

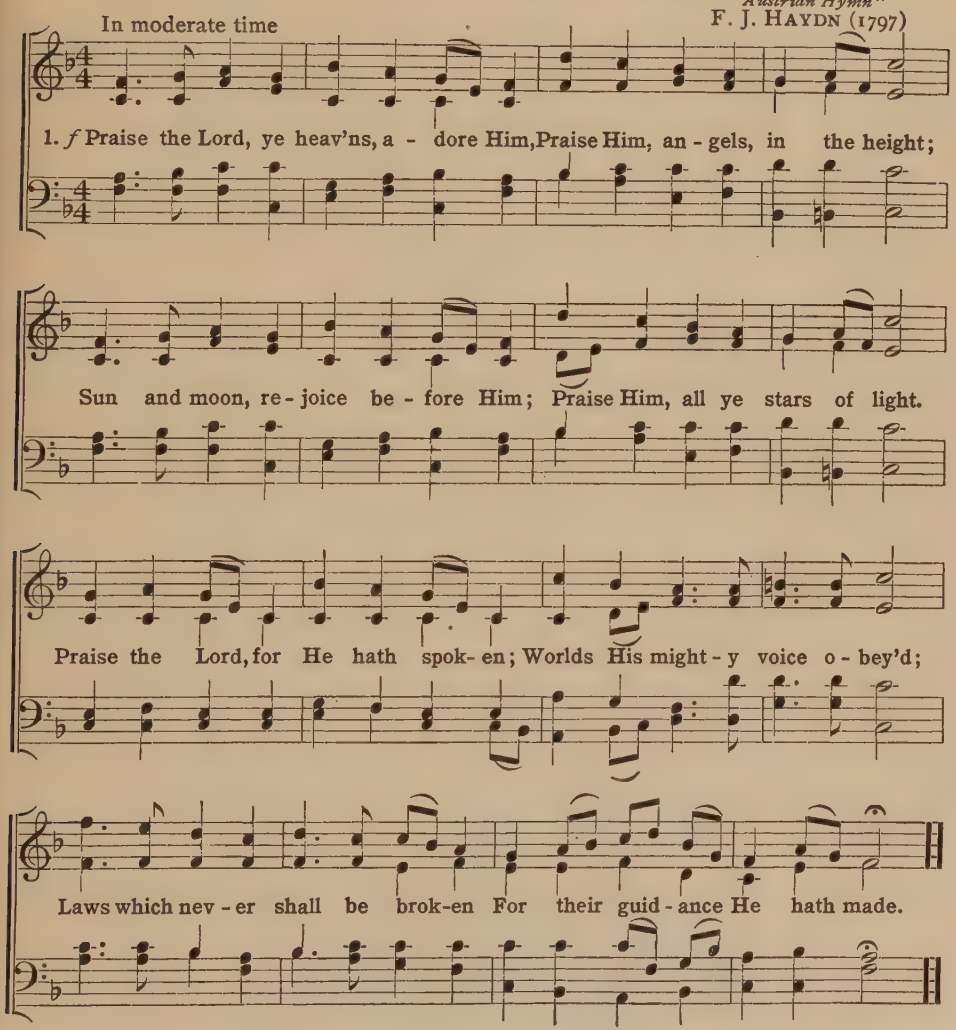
3 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heav'nly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes * (1848)
(Abridged)

* Words used by permission of Houghton Mifflin & Co.

54 Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, adore Him

"*Austrian Hymn*"
F. J. HAYDN (1797)

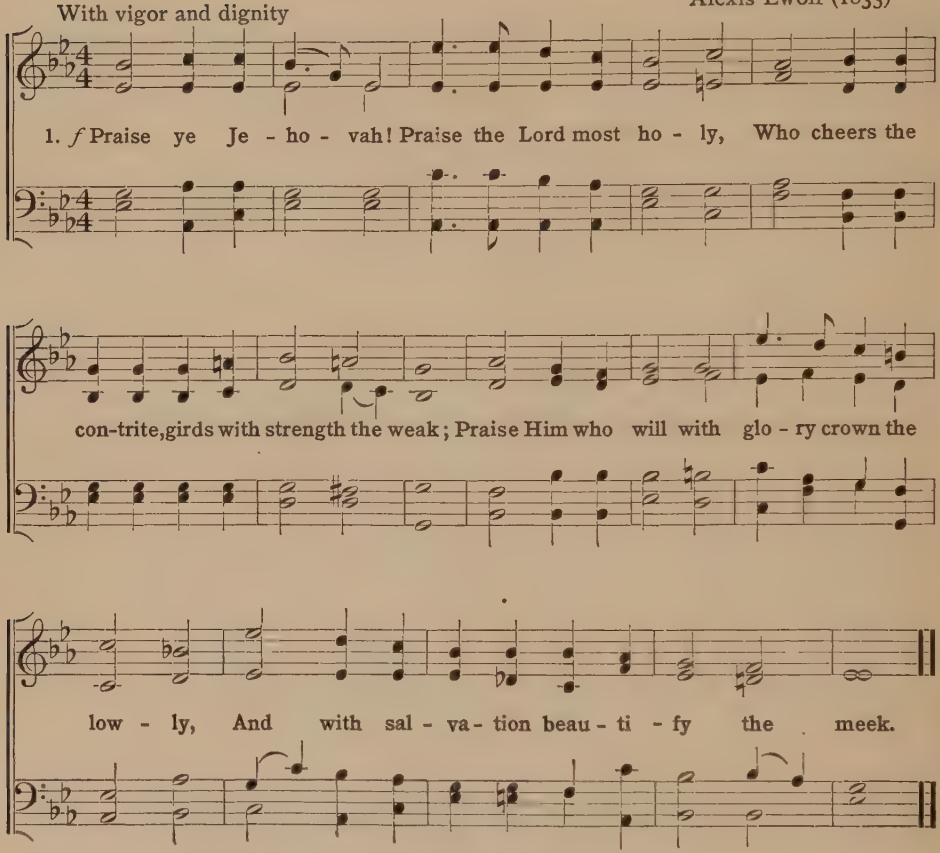

In moderate time
1. *f* Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spok- en; Worlds His might - y voice o - bey'd;
Laws which nev - er shall be brok-en For their guid - ance He hath made.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

Foundling Chapel Collection (1796)

55 Praise ye Jehovah

"*Moscow*"
Alexis Lwoff (1833)


With vigor and dignity
1. f Praise ye Je - ho - vah! Praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the
con-trite, girds with strength the weak; Praise Him who will with glo - ry crown the
low - ly, And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving kindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

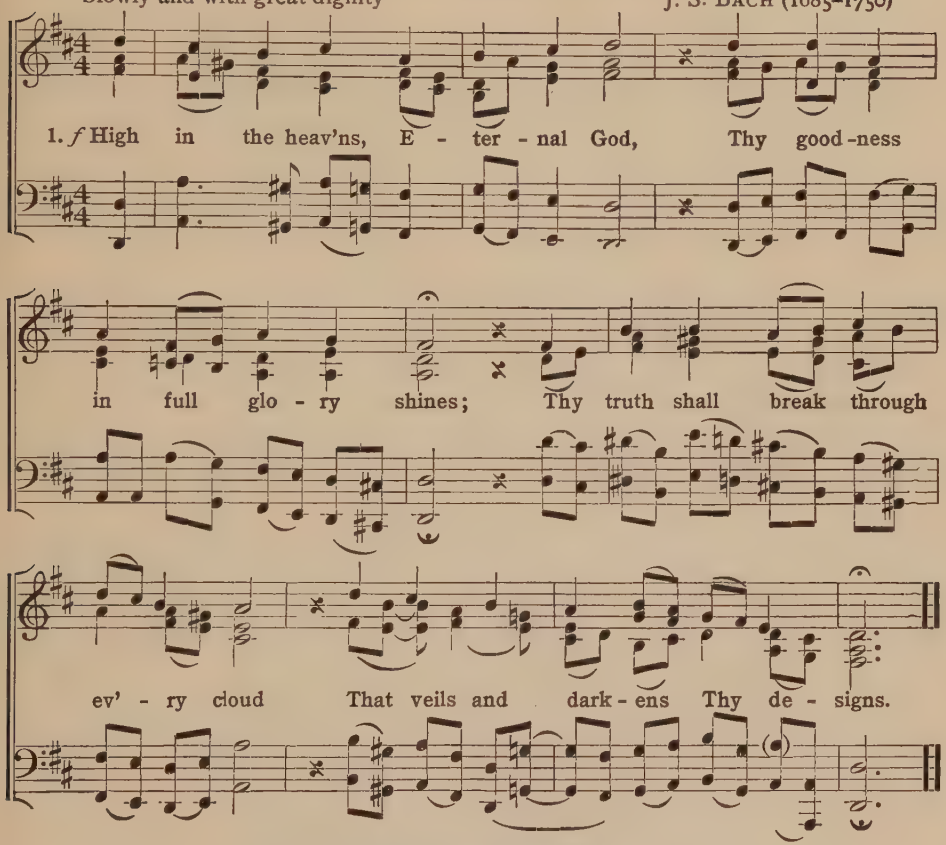
3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of every blessing!
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him,

Margaret Cockburn-Campbell (1842)
(Abridged)

56 High in the heavens, Eternal God

Slowly and with great dignity

J. S. BACH (1685–1750)


1. f High in the heav'ns, E - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness
in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break through
ev' - ry cloud That veils and dark - ens Thy de - signs.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

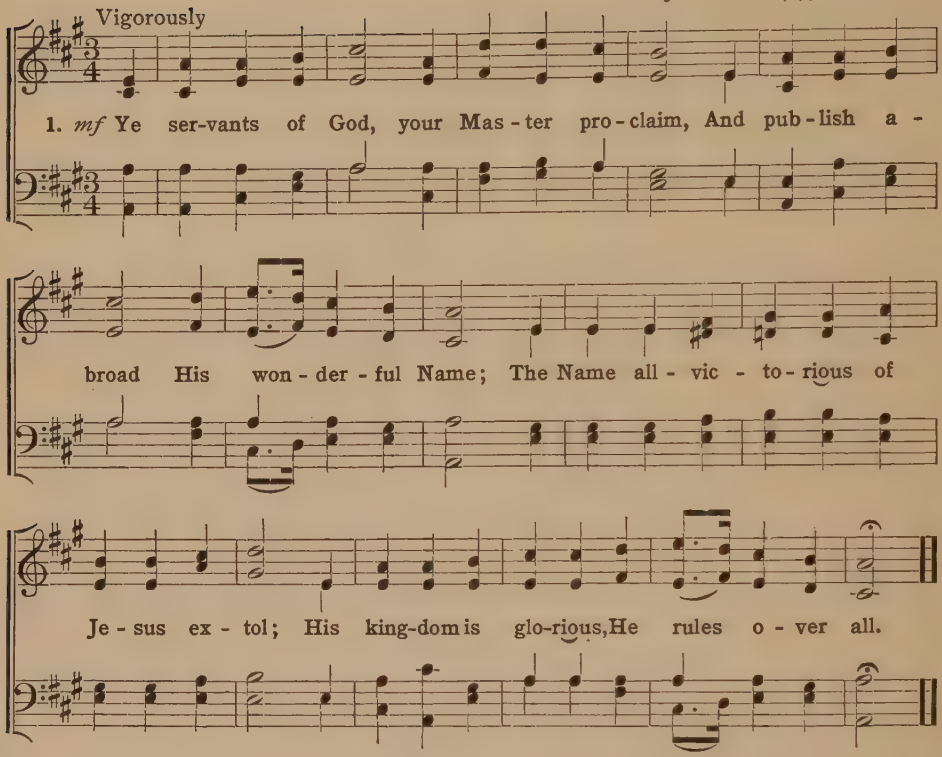
3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Isaac Watts (1719)

57 Ye servants of God

"*Lyons*"
F. J. HAYDN (1732–1809)


Vigorously
1. *mf* Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-
broad His won-der-ful Name; The Name all-vic-to-rious of
Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glo-rious, He rules o-ver all.

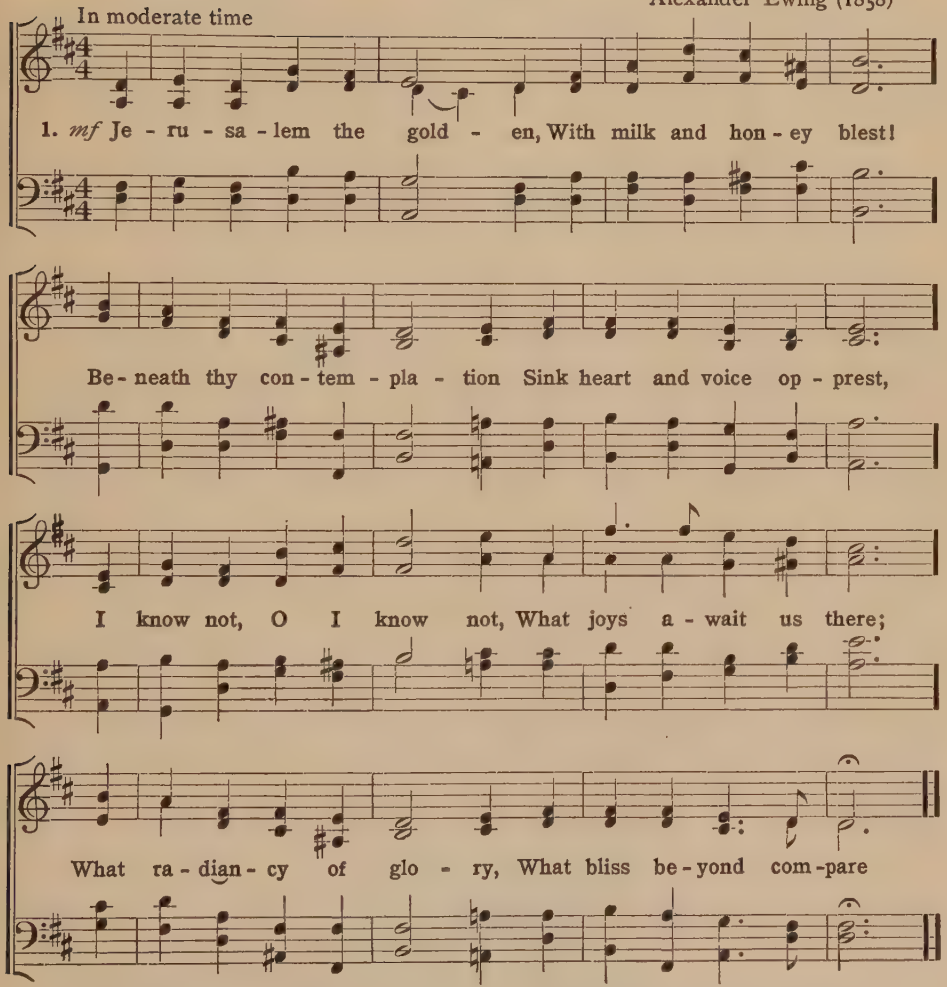
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh — His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley (1744)
(3rd verse, line 3, modified)

58 Jerusalem the golden

"*Ewing*"
Alexander Ewing (1858)

In moderate time
1. *mf* Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest,
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare

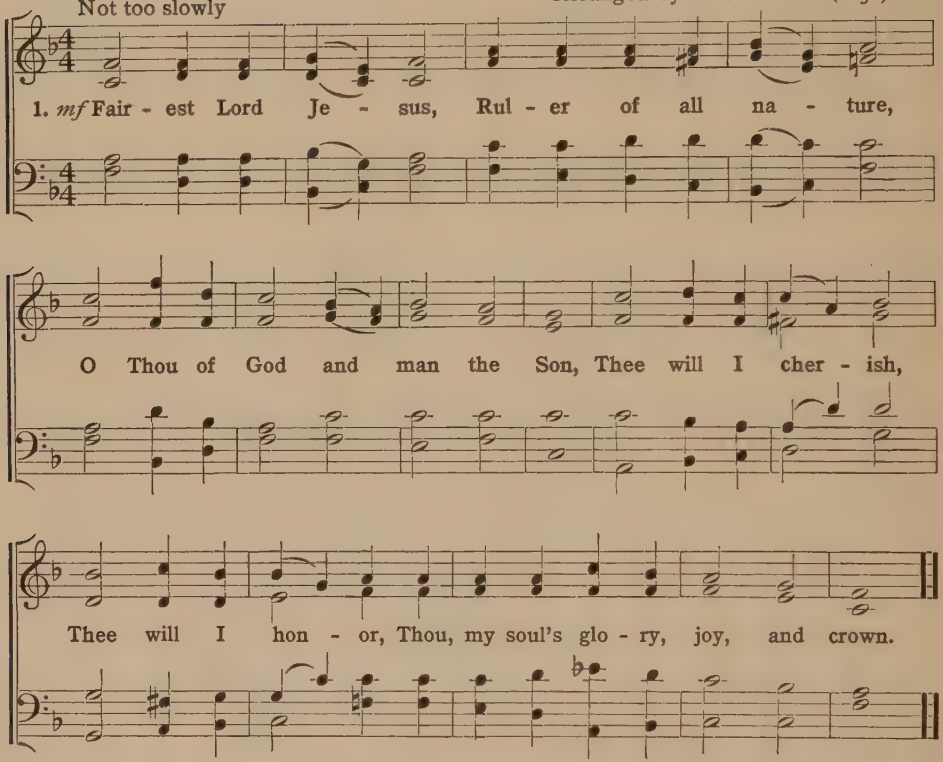
2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Cluny (12th Century)
Translated by John M. Neale (1851)
(Abridged)

59 Fairest Lord Jesus

"Crusader's Hymn"
Silesian Folk-song
Arranged by R. S. WILLIS (1850)


Not too slowly
1. mf Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,
O Thou of God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.

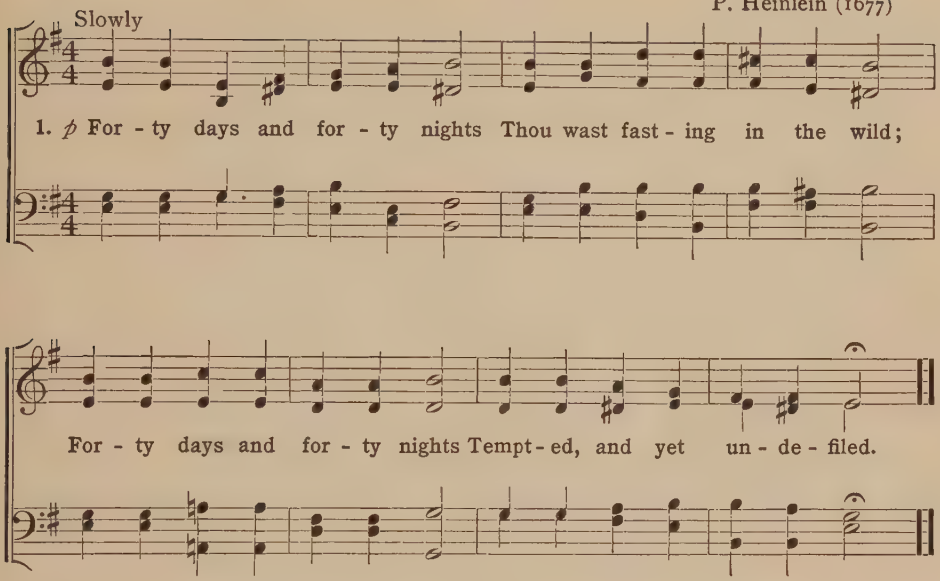
2 Fair are the meadows,
  Fairer still the woodlands
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
  Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
  Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
  Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

From the German
Translator anonymous (1850)

60 Forty days and forty nights

"*Heinlein*"
P. Heinlein (1677)


Slowly
1. p For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;
For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

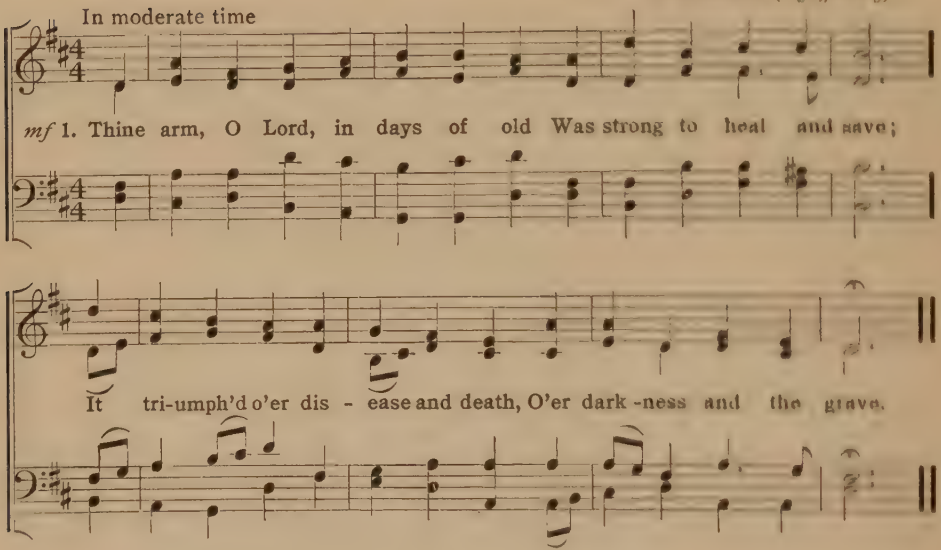
3 Lord, if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

George H. Smyttan (1856)
(Modified and Abridged)

61 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old

O. Gibbons (1583-1625)


In moderate time
mf 1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
It tri-umph'd o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave.

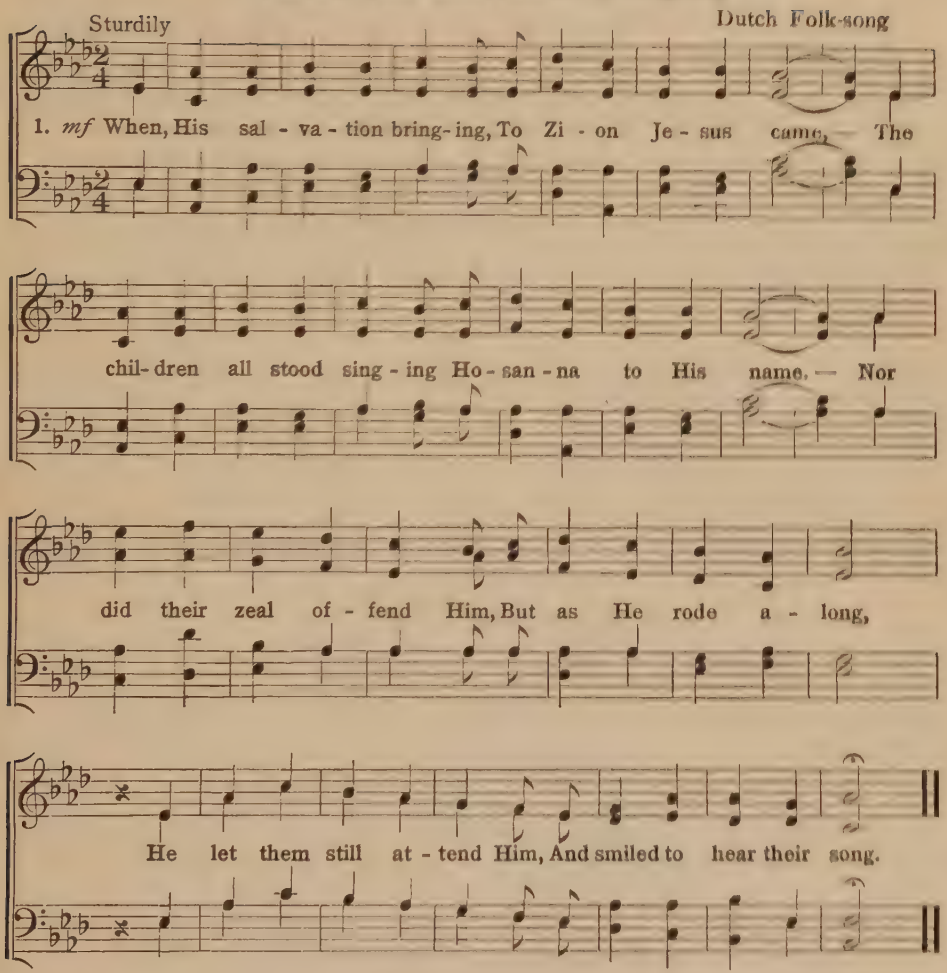
2 To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

3 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee the Lord of light.

4 Be Thou our great deliv'rer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.

5 To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heav'nly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

Edward H. Plumptre (1864)

62 When, His salvation bringing

Sturdily
Dutch Folk-song
1. mf When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The
chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name. — Nor
did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.

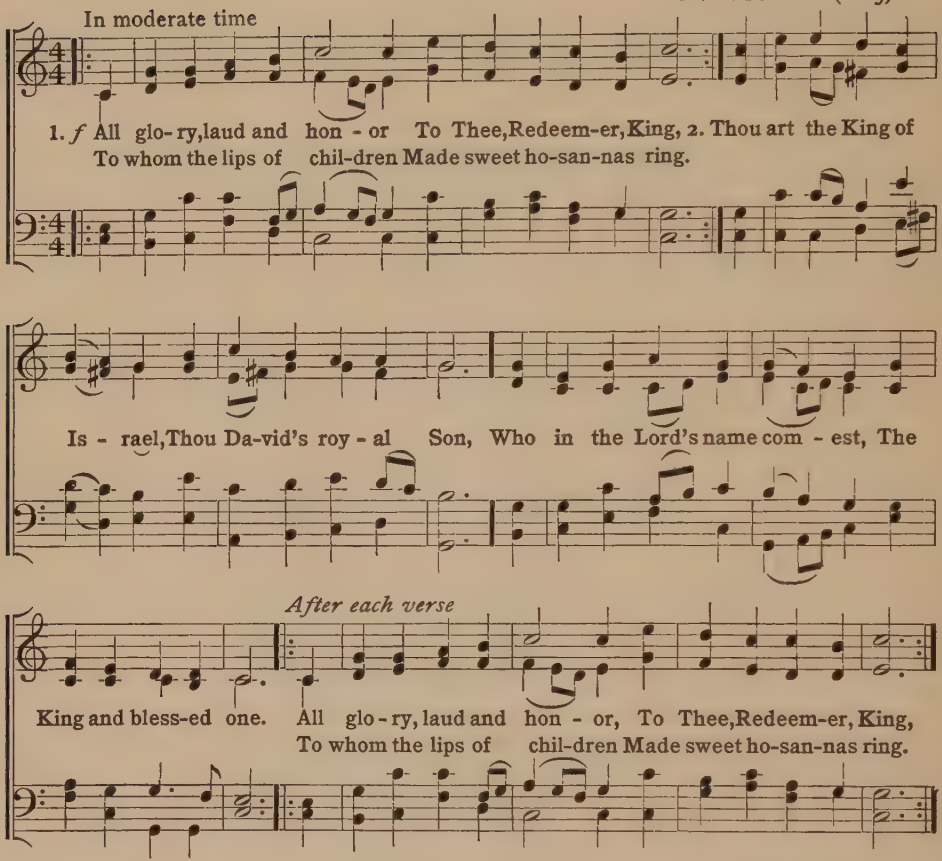
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heav'nly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon His throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

John King (1830)

63 All glory, laud and honor

"St. Theodulph"
M. TESCHNER (1615)


In moderate time
1. f All glo-ry, laud and hon-or To Thee, Redeem-er, King, 2. Thou art the King of
To whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.
Is-rael, Thou Da-vid's roy-al Son, Who in the Lord's name com-est, The
After each verse
King and bless-ed one. All glo-ry, laud and hon-or, To Thee, Redeem-er, King,
To whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, laud, and honor, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, laud, and honor, etc.

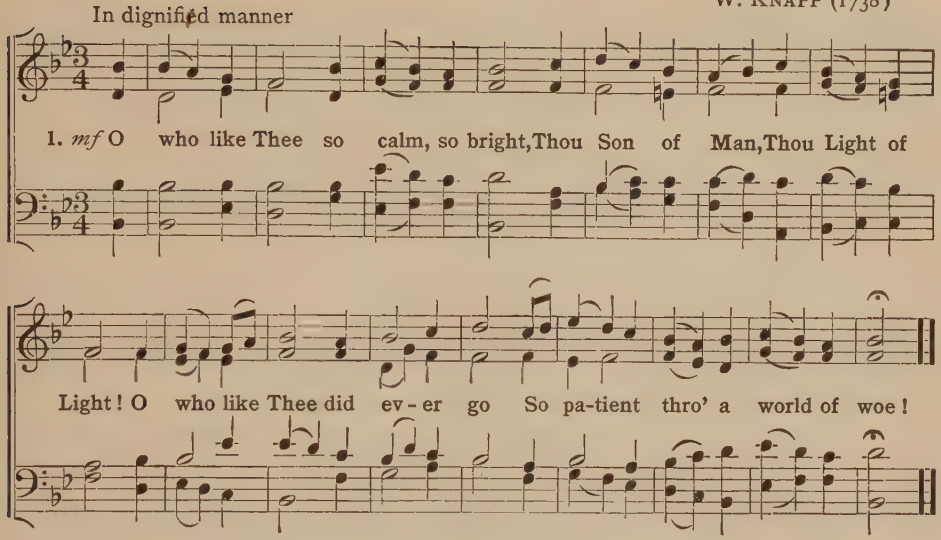
5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, laud, and honor, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises:
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, laud, and honor, etc.

Theodulph of Orleans (820)
Translated by John M. Neale (1854)

64 O who like Thee so calm, so bright

"*Wareham*"
W. KNAPP (1738)


In dignified manner
1. *mf* O who like Thee so calm, so bright, Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of
Light! O who like Thee did ev-er go So pa-tient thro' a world of woe!

2 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before;
So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high,
So glorious in humility!

3 And all Thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed;

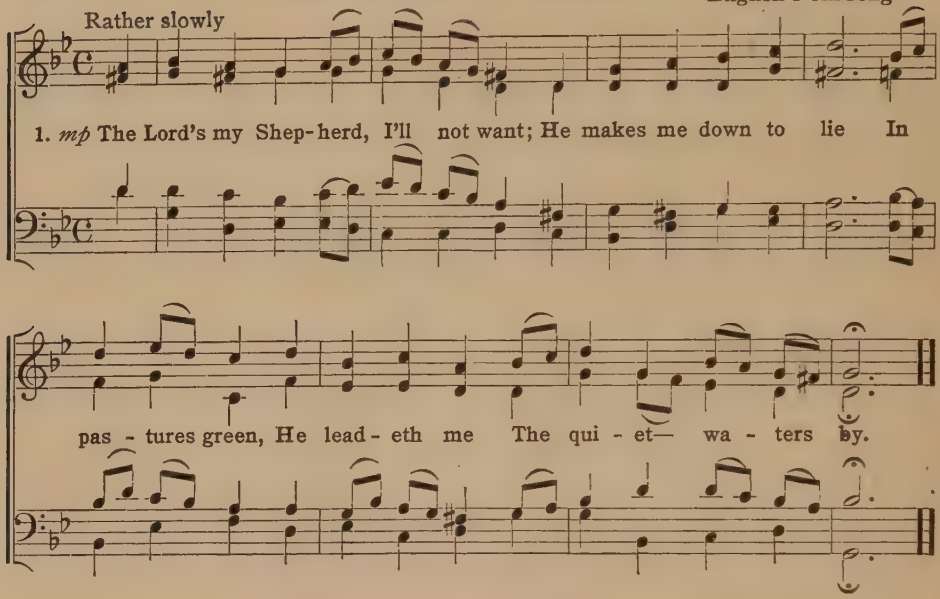
4 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all this way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe (1840)

65 The Lord's my Shepherd

English Folk-song


Rather slowly
1. mp The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie In
pas - tures green, He lead - eth me The qui - et— wa - ters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

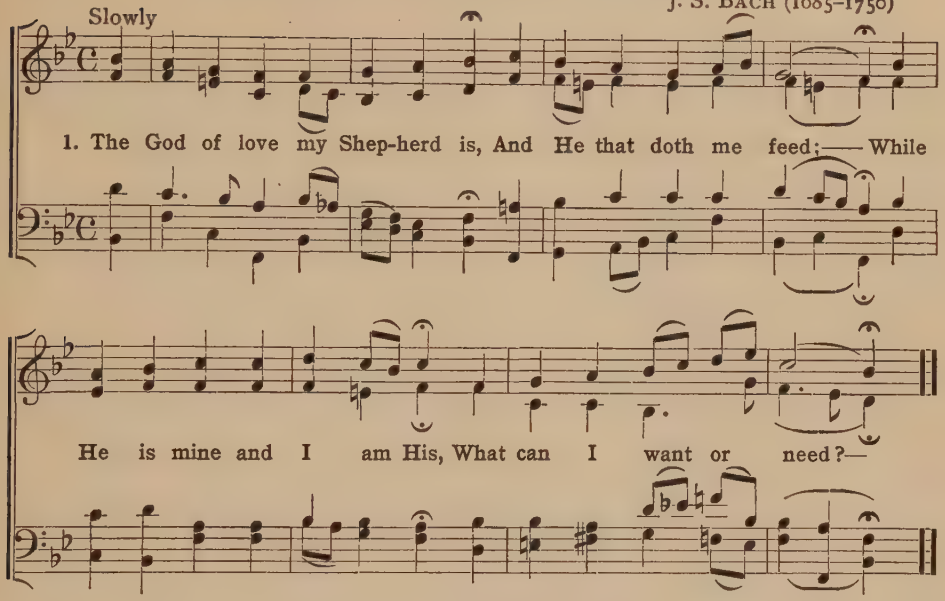
4 My table Thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous (1643)

66 The God of love my Shepherd is

J. S. BACH (1685–1750)



2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

3 Or if I stray, He doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame,
And all this not for my desert
But for His holy name.

4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guard, Thy staff to bear.

5 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove
So neither shall my praise.

George Herbert (1593–1632)

(To be sung to the tune No. 66)

66a The King of love my Shepherd is

1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me;
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

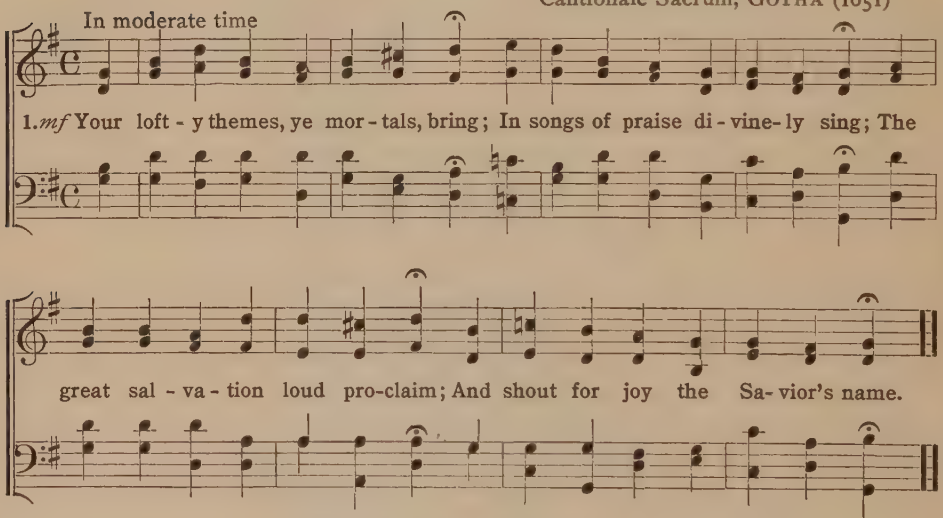
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And, oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Henry William Baker (1868)

67 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring

Cantionale Sacrum, GOTHA (1651)

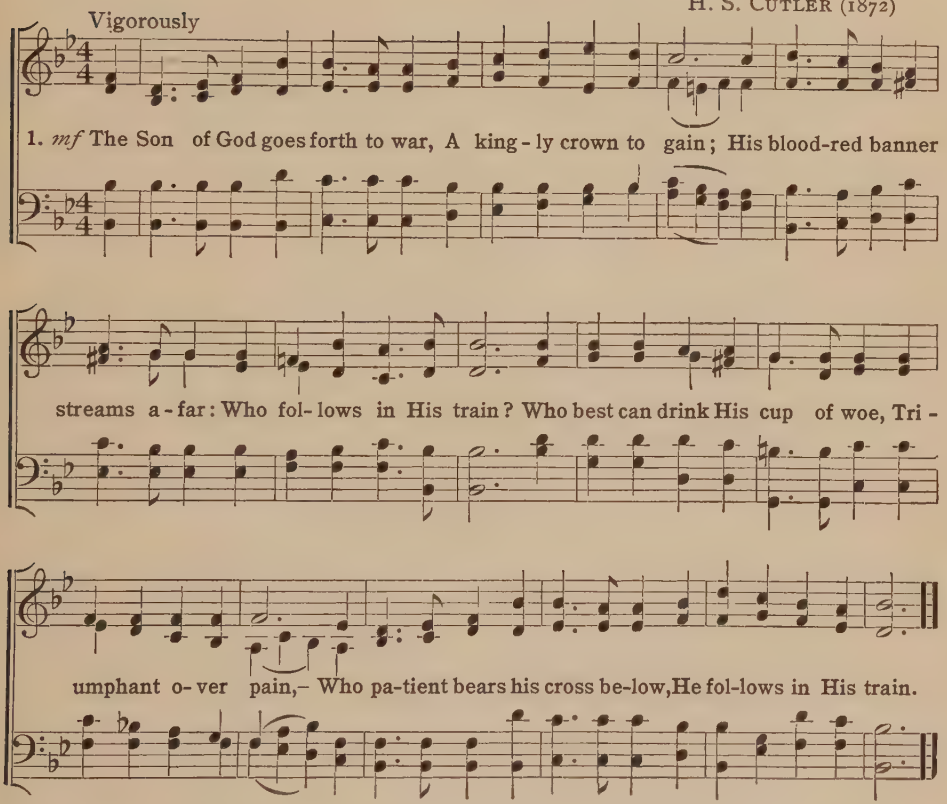

In moderate time
1. mf Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing; The
great sal - va - tion loud pro-claim; And shout for joy the Sa - vior's name.

2 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

John Wesley (1786)

68 The Son of God goes forth to war

"All Saints New"
H. S. CUTLER (1872)


Vigorously
1. mf The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood-red banner
streams a - far: Who fol- lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri -
umphant o- ver pain,– Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,He fol-lows in His train.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

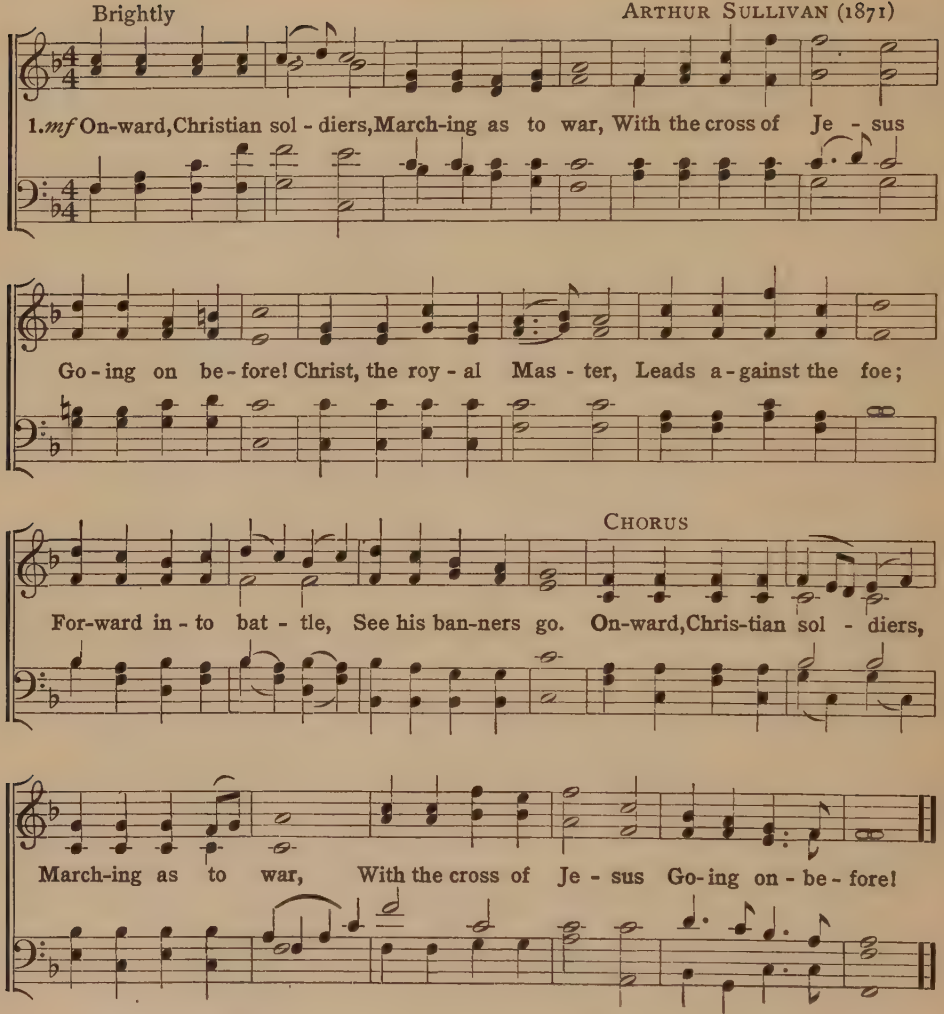
3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the torch of flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber (1827)

69 Onward, Christian Soldiers

"St. Gertrude"

ARTHUR SULLIVAN (1871)

Brightly
1. mf On-ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
CHORUS
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See his ban-ners go. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers,
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on - be - fore!

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

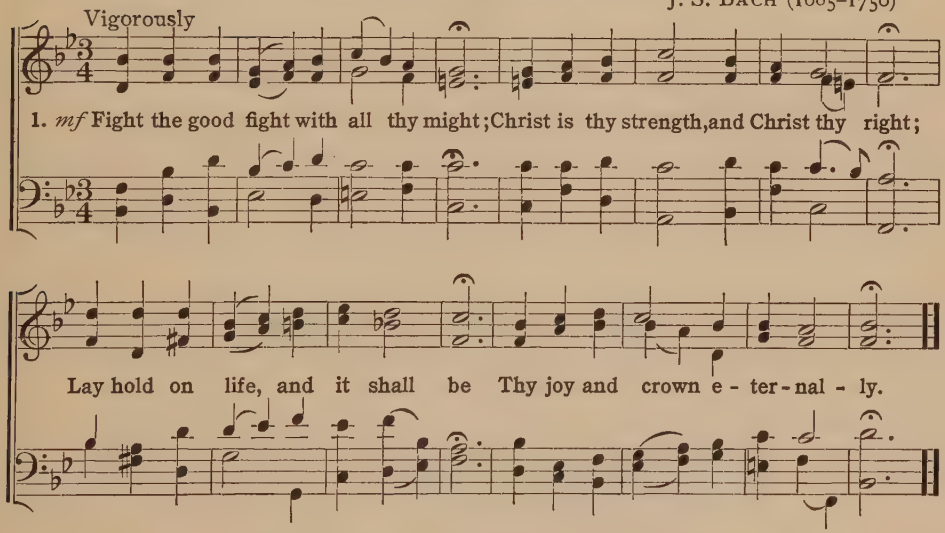
4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant wi l remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Sabine Baring-Gould (1865)

70 Fight the good fight

J. S. BACH (1685–1750)


Vigorously
1. mf Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide,
His boundless mercy will provide:
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

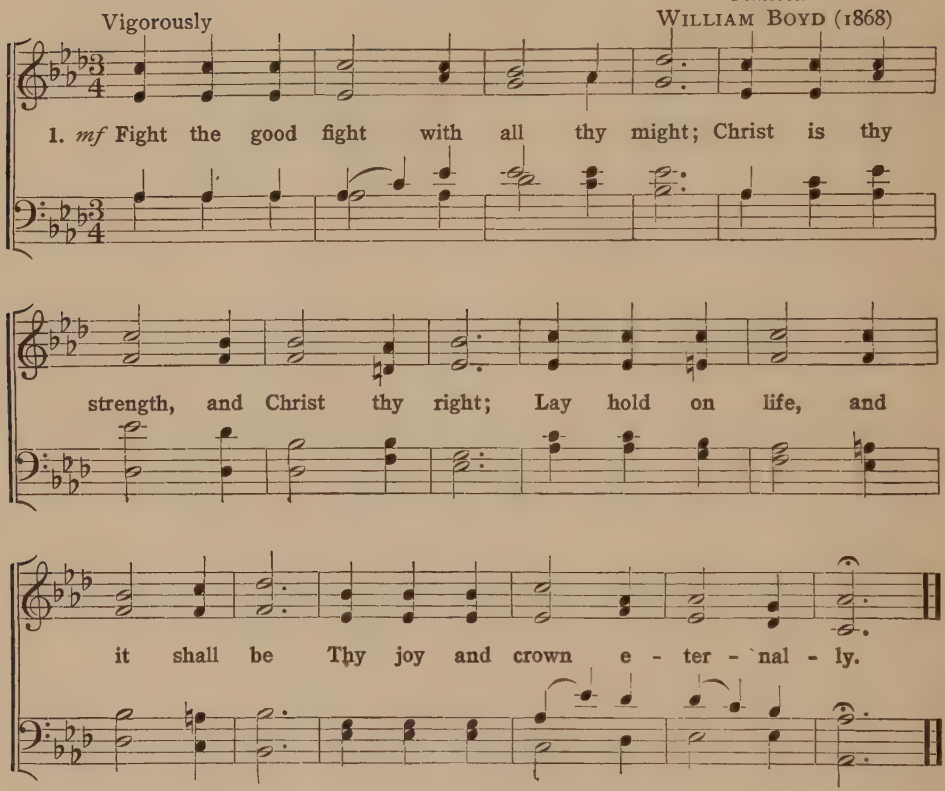
John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1863)

70a Fight the good fight

(Alternative Tune)

"Pentecost"

WILLIAM BOYD (1868)


Vigorously
1. mf Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy
strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and
it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

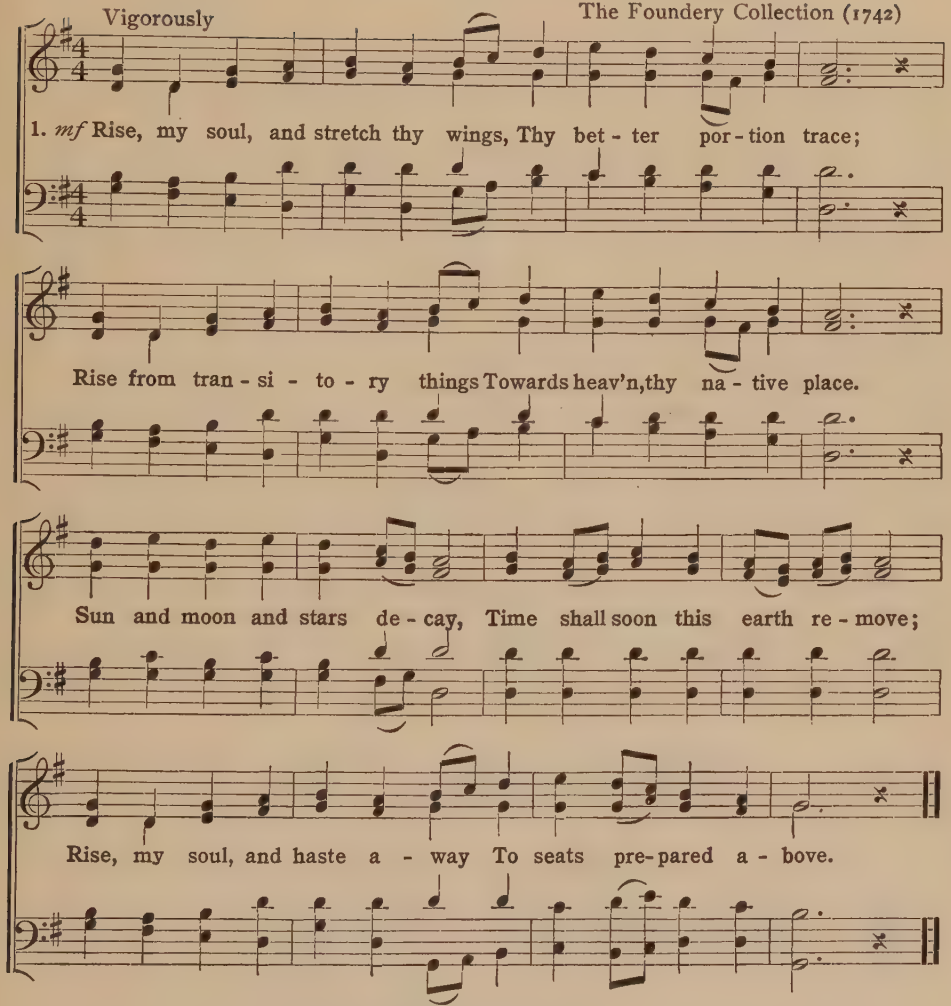
3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide,
His boundless mercy will provide:
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1863)

71 Rise, my soul

"Amsterdam"
The Foundery Collection (1742)


Vigorously
1. mf Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place.
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

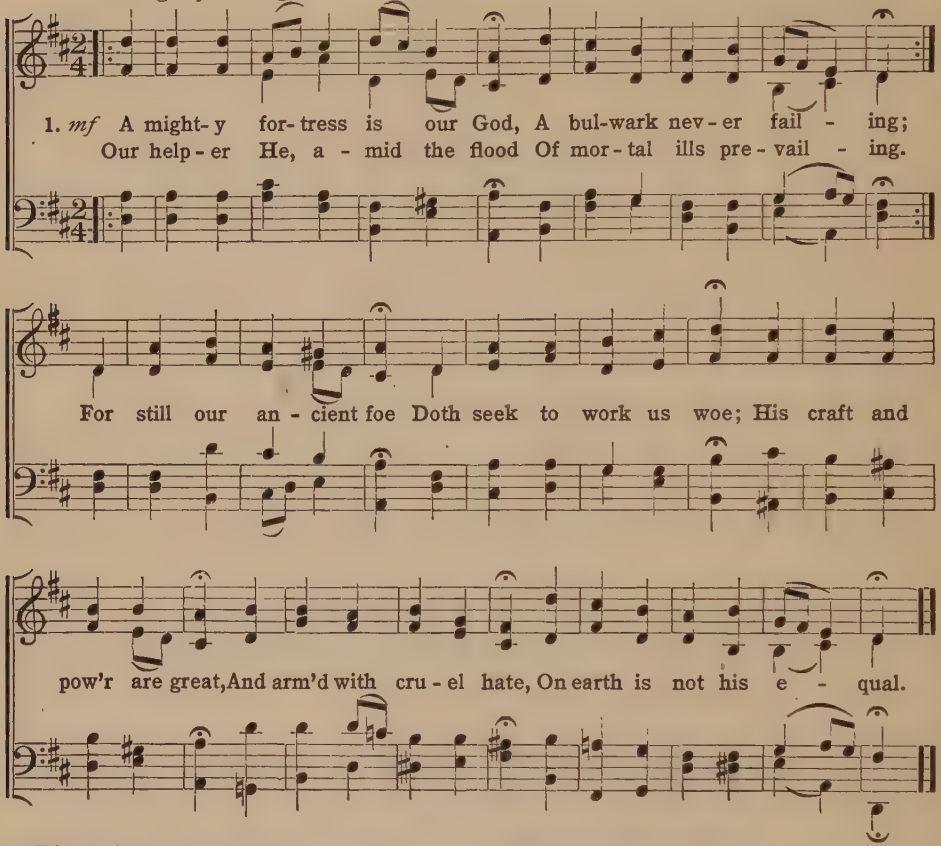
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Robert Seagrave (1742)
(Abridged)

72 A mighty fortress is our God

"*Ein' Feste Burg*"

With dignity and vigor — MARTIN LUTHER (1529)


1. mf A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.
For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and
pow'r are great, And arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

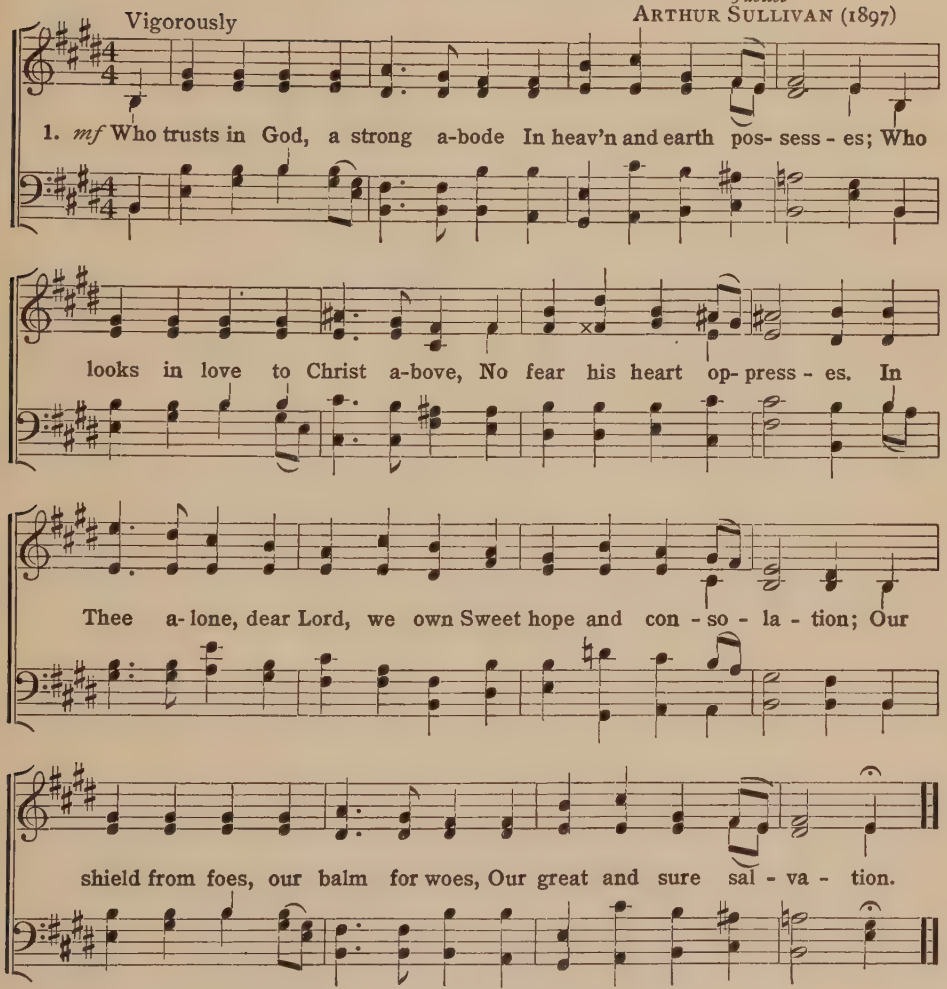
3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim, —
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther (1528)
Translated by Frederick H. Hedge (1852)

73 Who trusts in God

"*Jubilee*"
ARTHUR SULLIVAN (1897)


Vigorously
1. *mf* Who trusts in God, a strong a-bode In heav'n and earth pos- sess - es; Who
looks in love to Christ a-bove, No fear his heart op- press - es. In
Thee a- lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con - so - la - tion; Our
shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal - va - tion.

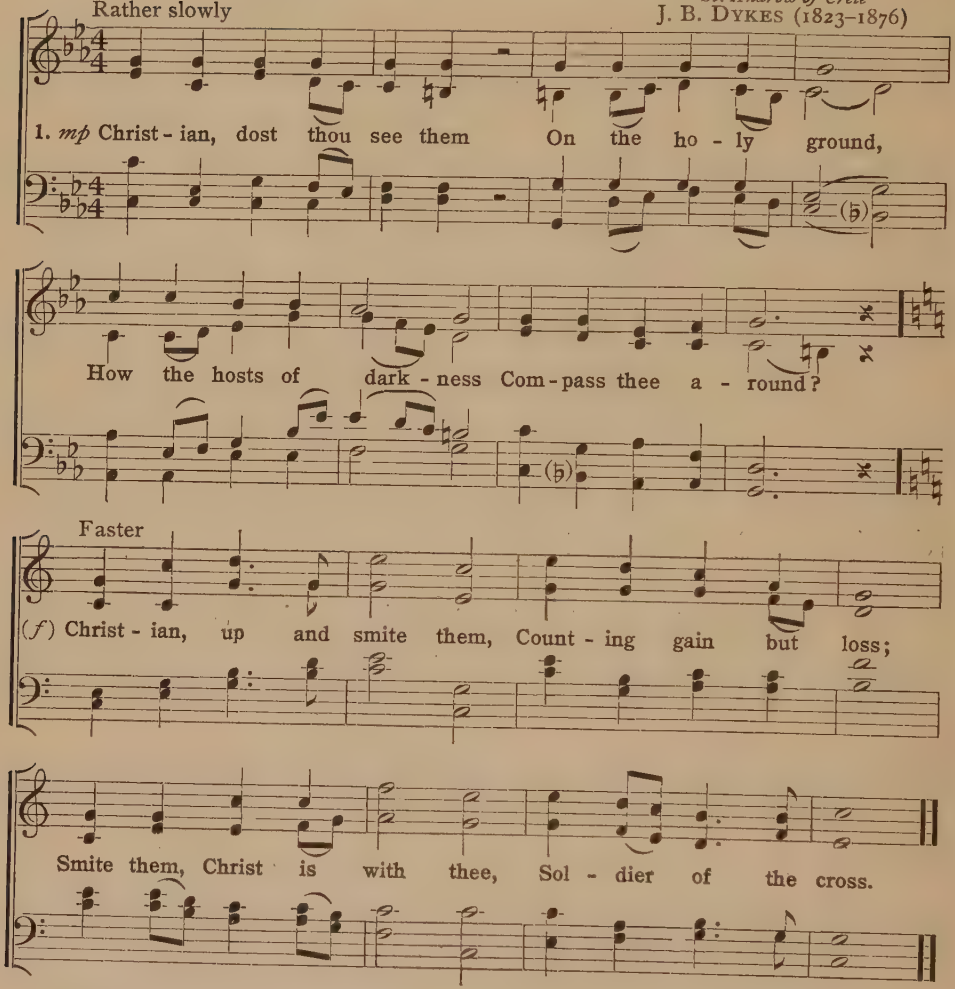
2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us:
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.
O God, renew with heavenly dew
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at Thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit.

Joachim Magdeburg (1572)
Translated by Benjamin Hall Kennedy (1863)
(Modified)

74 Christian, dost thou see them

"St. Andrew of Crete"
J. B. DYKES (1823–1876)


Rather slowly
1. mp Christian, dost thou see them On the holy ground,
How the hosts of darkness Compass thee around?
Faster
(f) Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss;
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Soldier of the cross.

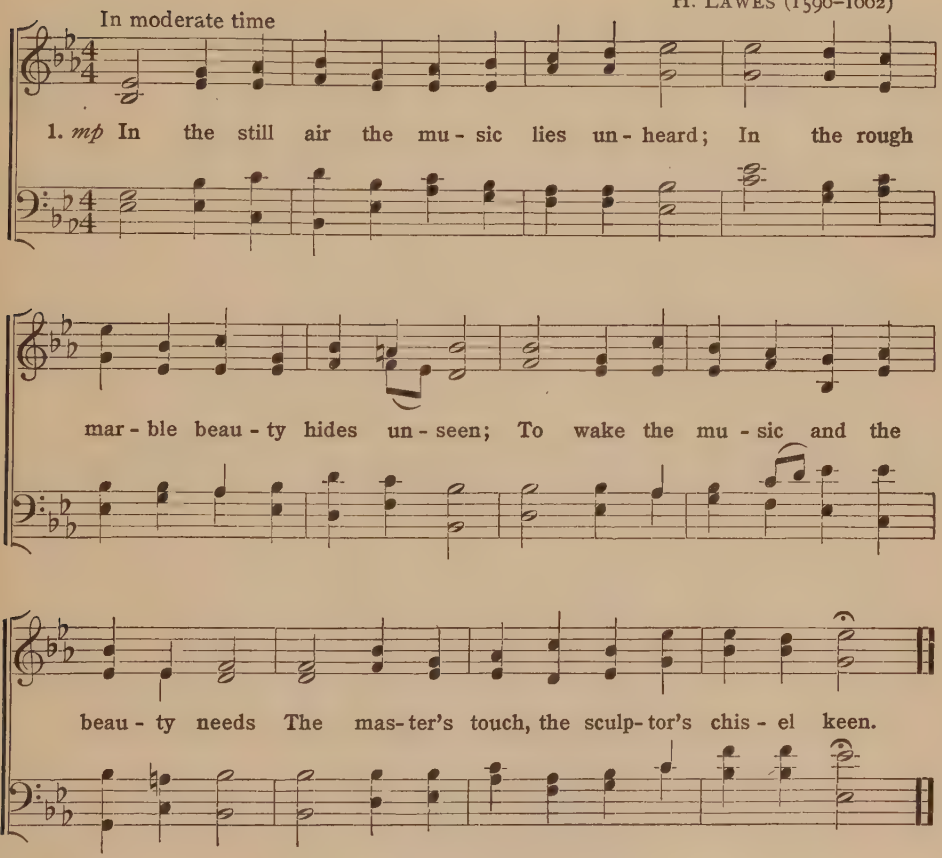
2 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

3 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

Andrew of Crete (700)
Translated by John M. Neale (1862)
(Modified and abridged)

75 In the still air the music lies unheard

"Farley Castle"
H. LAWES (1596–1662)


In moderate time
1. mp In the still air the mu - sic lies un - heard; In the rough
mar - ble beau - ty hides un - seen; To wake the mu - sic and the
beau - ty needs The mas - ter's touch, the sculp - tor's chis - el keen.

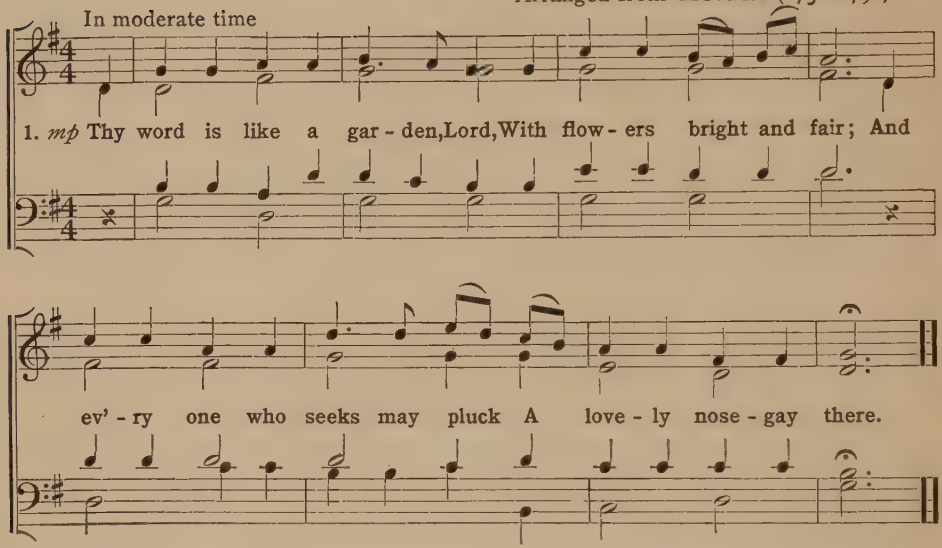
2 Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

3 Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

Horatius Bonar (1808–1889)

76 Thy Word is like a garden, Lord

Arranged from MOZART (1756–1791)


In moderate time
1. mp Thy word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair; And
ev' - ry one who seeks may pluck A love - ly nose - gay there.

2 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine;
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
For every searcher there.

3 Thy Word is like a starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller,
And make his pathway bright.

4 Thy Word is like an armory,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find, for life's long battle-day,
All needful weapons there.

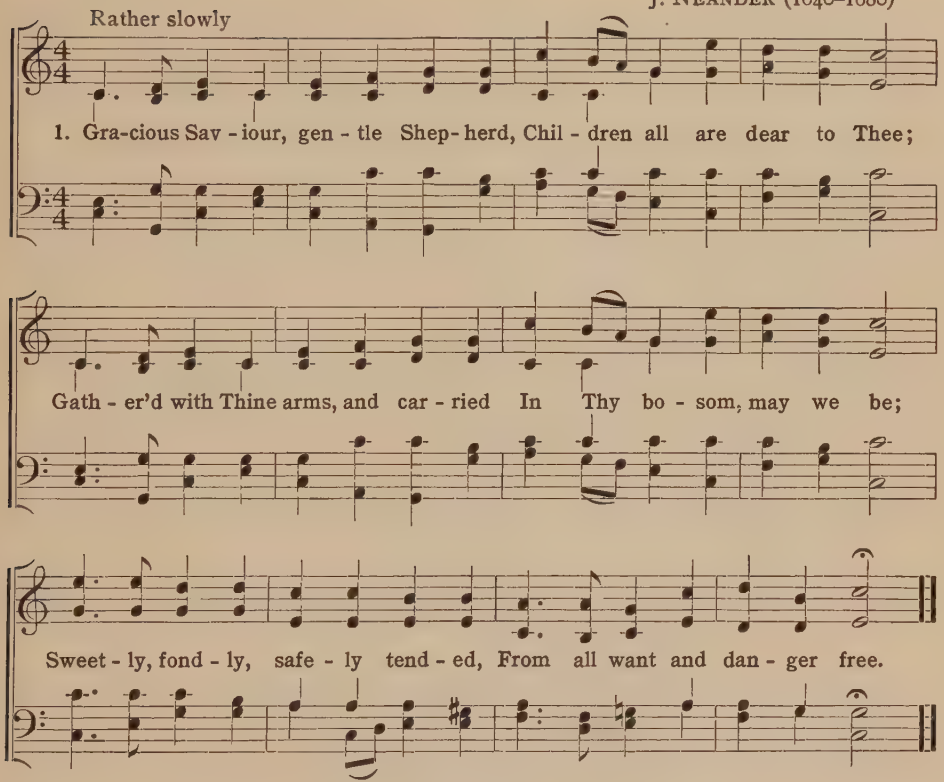
5 O may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine.

6 O may I find my armor there,
Thy Word my trusty sword;
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

Edwin Hodder (1868)

77 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd

"*Neander*"
J. NEANDER (1640–1680)


Rather slowly
1. Gra-cious Sav - iour, gen - tle Shep- herd, Chil - dren all are dear to Thee;
Gath - er'd with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bo - som, may we be;
Sweet - ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.

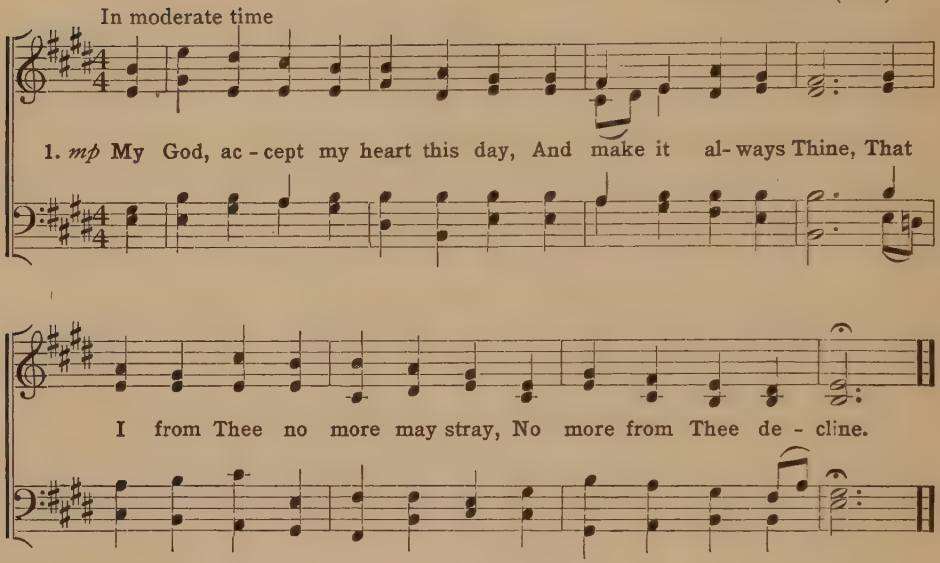
2 Let Thy holy word instruct us;
Fill our minds with heav'nly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Let us feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let us prove Thy burden light.

3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
With both lips and hearts unfeigned,
Glad thank-offerings may we bring;
Then, with all Thy saints in glory,
Join to praise our Lord and King.

Jane E. Leeson (1857)
(Modified)

78 My God, accept my heart this day

"*St. Peter*"
A. R. REINAGLE (1826)


In moderate time
1. *mp* My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al- ways Thine, That
I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heav'nly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

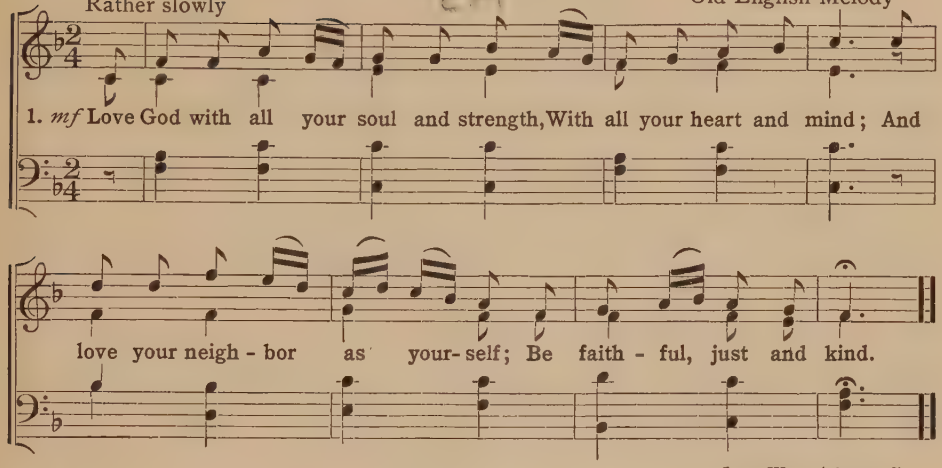
4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever giv'n;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heav'n.

Matthew Bridges (1848)

79 The Golden Rule

Rather slowly

Old English Melody

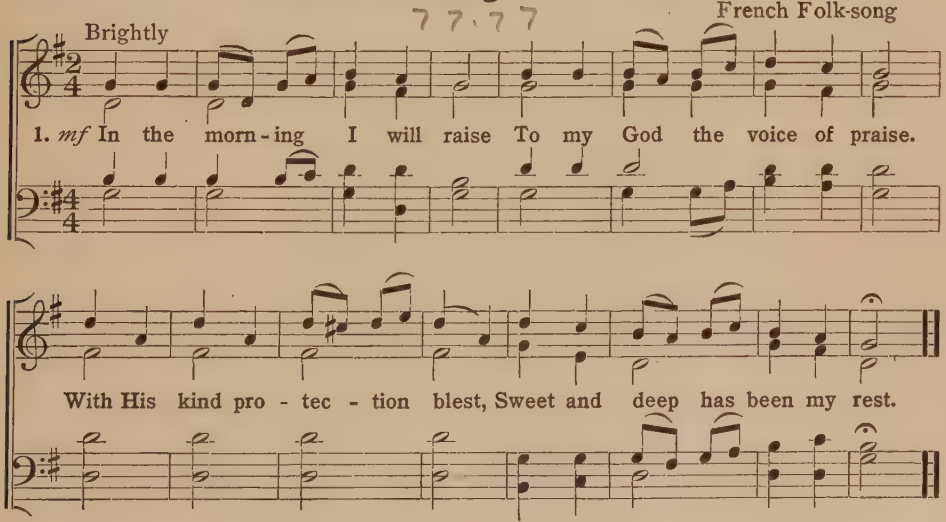

1. mf Love God with all your soul and strength, With all your heart and mind; And
love your neigh - bor as your- self; Be faith - ful, just and kind.

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

80 In the morning I will raise

Brightly

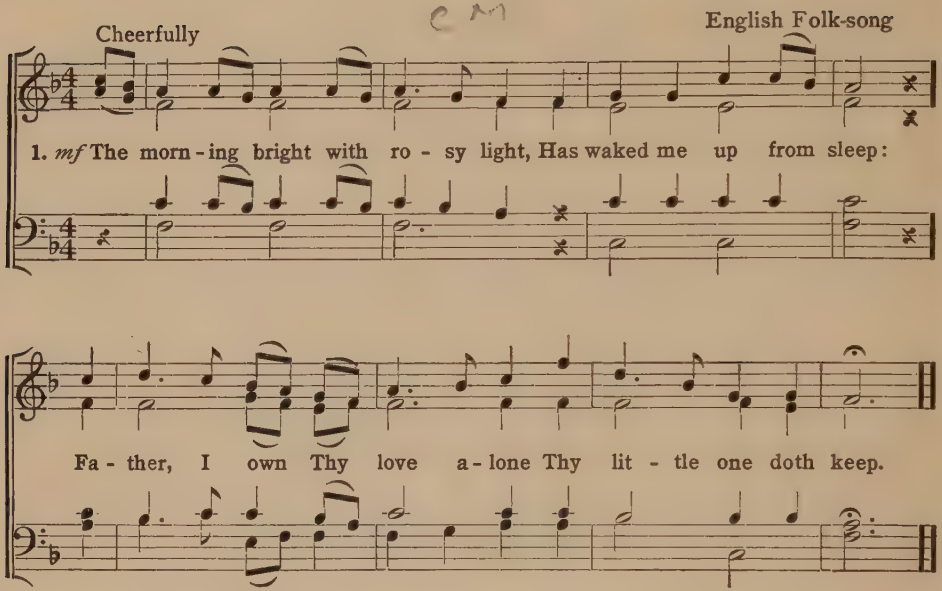
French Folk-song



2 In the morning I will pray
For His blessing on the day;
Thou who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine.

W. H. Furness (1840)
(Abridged)

81 The morning bright, with rosy light


Cheerfully
English Folk-song
1. mf The morn - ing bright with ro - sy light, Has waked me up from sleep:
Fa - ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.

2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide,
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

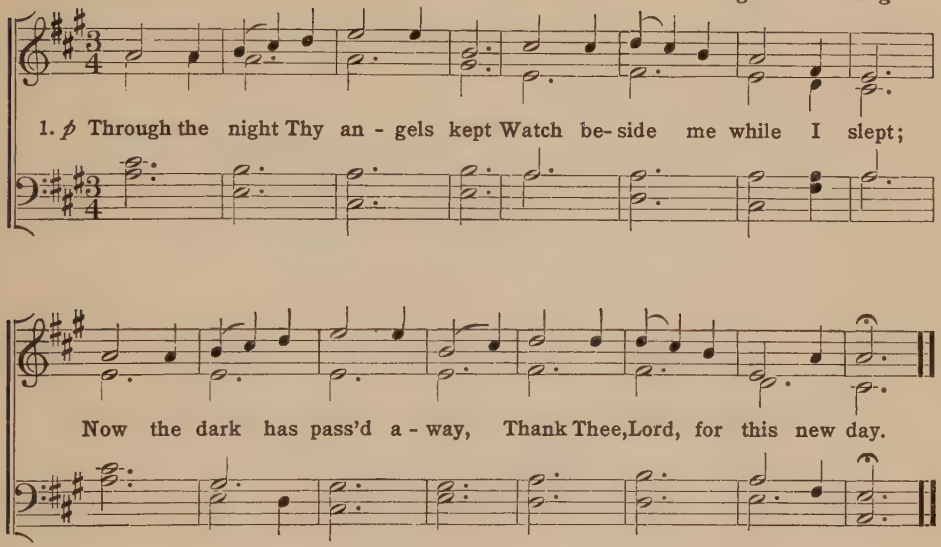
3 O make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

Anonymous

82 Through the night

In moderate time

English Folk-song


1. p Through the night Thy an - gels kept Watch be- side me while I slept;
Now the dark has pass'd a - way, Thank Thee, Lord, for this new day.

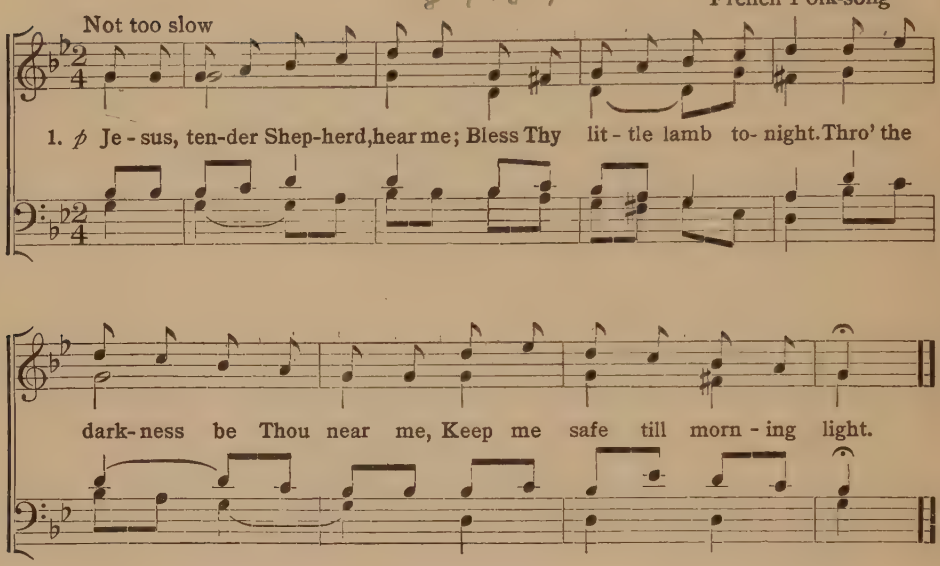
2 North and south and east and west
May Thy holy name be blest;
Everywhere beneath the sun,
As in heav'n, Thy will be done.

3 Give me food that I may live;
Every naughtiness forgive;
Keep all evil things away
From Thy little child this day.

William Canton

83 Jesus, tender Shepherd

8 7 . 8 7

French Folk-song

Not too slow
1. p Je - sus, ten-der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to- night. Thro' the
dark- ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.

2 All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

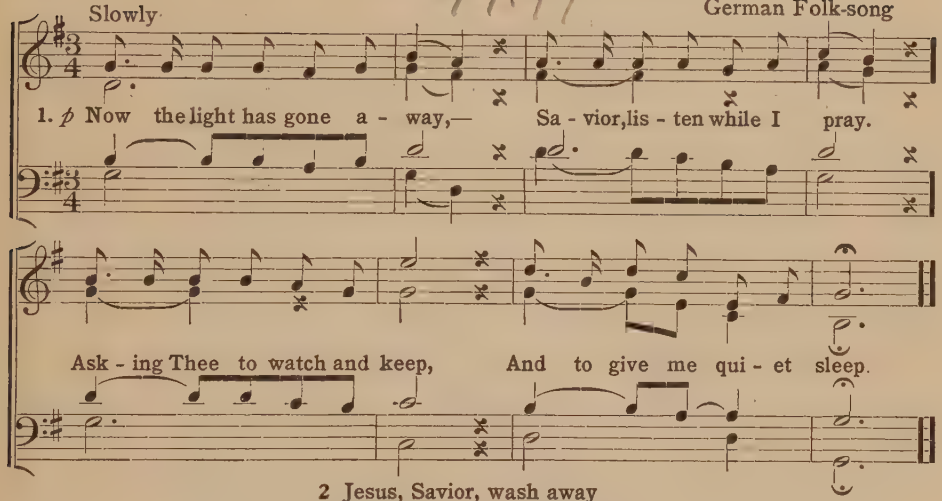
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary L. Duncan (1839)

84 Now the light has gone away

Slowly

German Folk-song



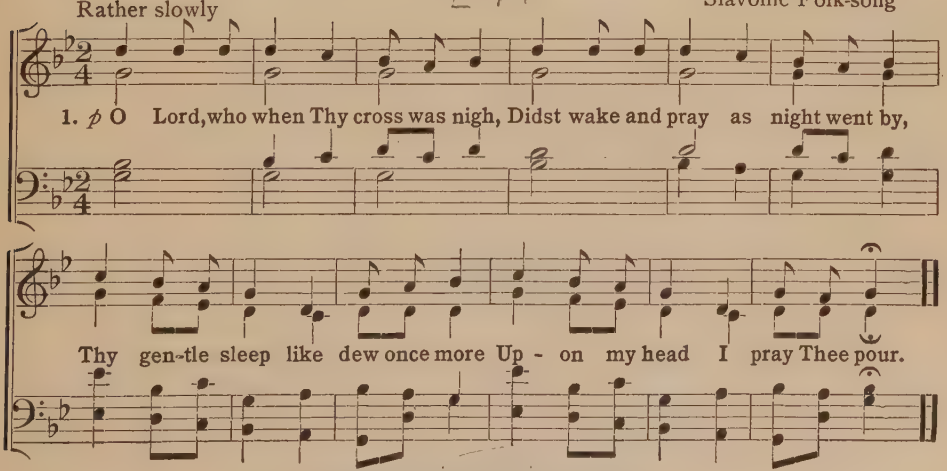
2 Jesus, Savior, wash away
All that has been wrong today;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

Frances R. Havergal (1769)

85 O Lord, who when Thy cross was nigh

Rather slowly

Slavonic Folk-song


1. p O Lord, who when Thy cross was nigh, Didst wake and pray as night went by,
Thy gen-tle sleep like dew once more Up - on my head I pray Thee pour.

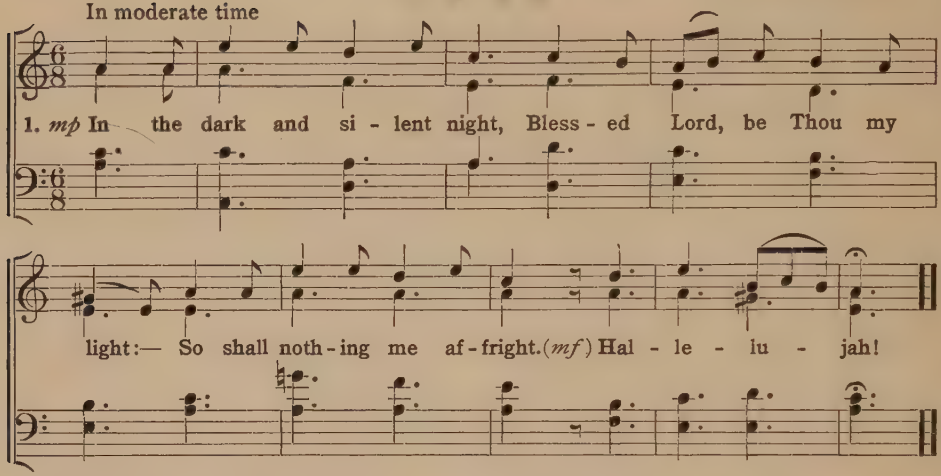
2 O sleepless Shepherd of the sheep,
Now fold me in and bid me sleep,
From evil safe, and night's alarms,
Nursed in Thine everlasting arms.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824–1897)
(Abridged)

86 In the dark and silent night

French Folk-song

In moderate time



2 Safely shadowed 'neath Thy wing,
Help Thy little one to sing
Glory to the heav'nly King. Hallelujah!

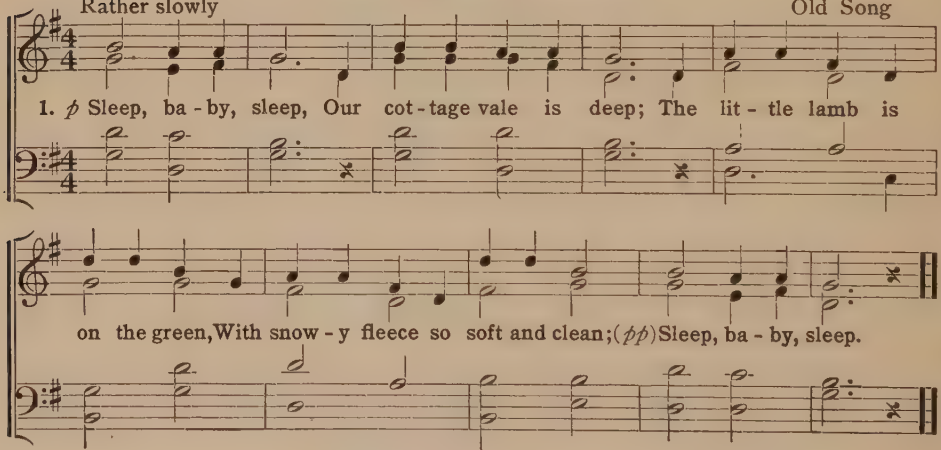
3 Angels sing, and so would I,
While upon my bed I lie,
Praise my Father silently. Hallelujah!

Jane E. Leeson (1807–1882)

87 Sleep, baby, sleep

Rather slowly

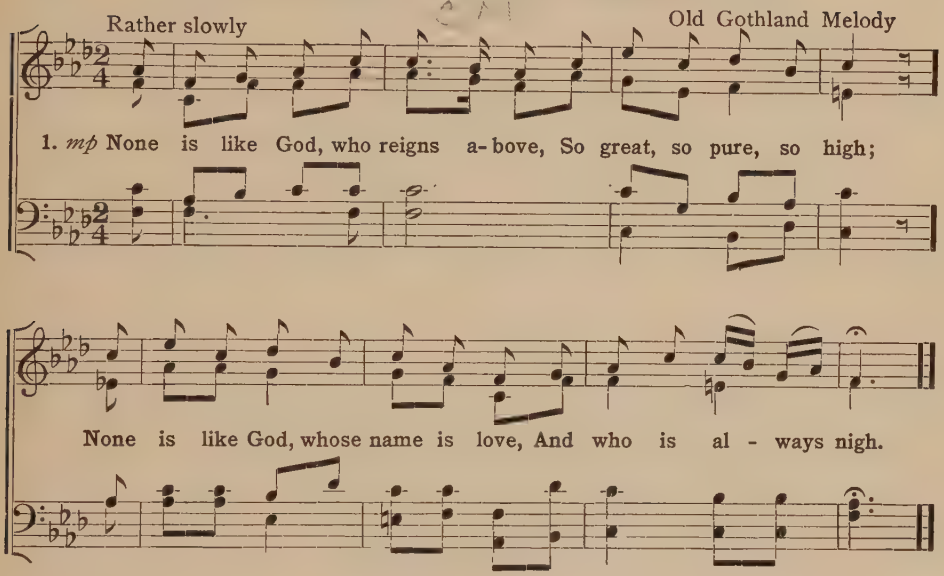
Old Song


1. p Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Our cot - tage vale is deep; The lit - tle lamb is
on the green, With snow - y fleece so soft and clean; (pp) Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

2 Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy rest shall angels keep;
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Traditional

88 None is like God, who reigns above


Rather slowly
Old Gothland Melody
1. mp None is like God, who reigns a-bove, So great, so pure, so high;
None is like God, whose name is love, And who is al - ways nigh.

2 In all the earth there is no spot
Excluded from His care;
We cannot go where God is not,
For He is everywhere.

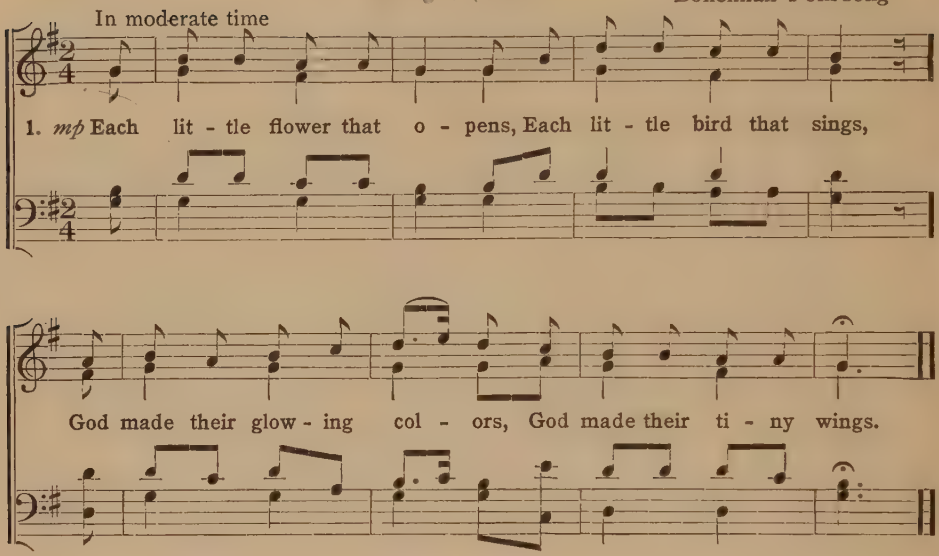
3 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.

4 He is our best and kindest friend,
And guards us night and day;
To all our wants He will attend,
And answer when we pray.

John Burton, Jr. (1849)

89 Each little flower that opens

Bohemian Folk-song


In moderate time
1. mp Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings,
God made their glow - ing col - ors, God made their ti - ny wings.

2 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

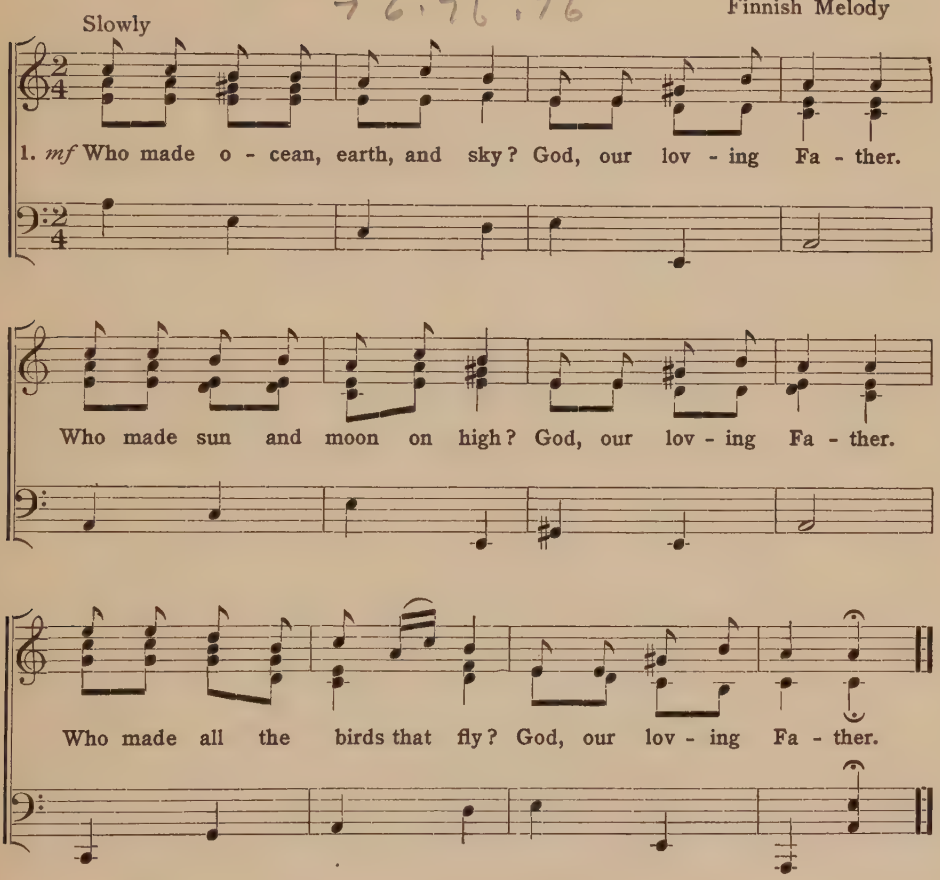
3 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
God made them every one.

4 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we may tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Cecil F. Alexander (1828–1895)
(Modified and abridged)

90 Who made the ocean, earth, and sky?

Finnish Melody


Slowly
1. mf Who made o - cean, earth, and sky? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
Who made sun and moon on high? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
Who made all the birds that fly? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.

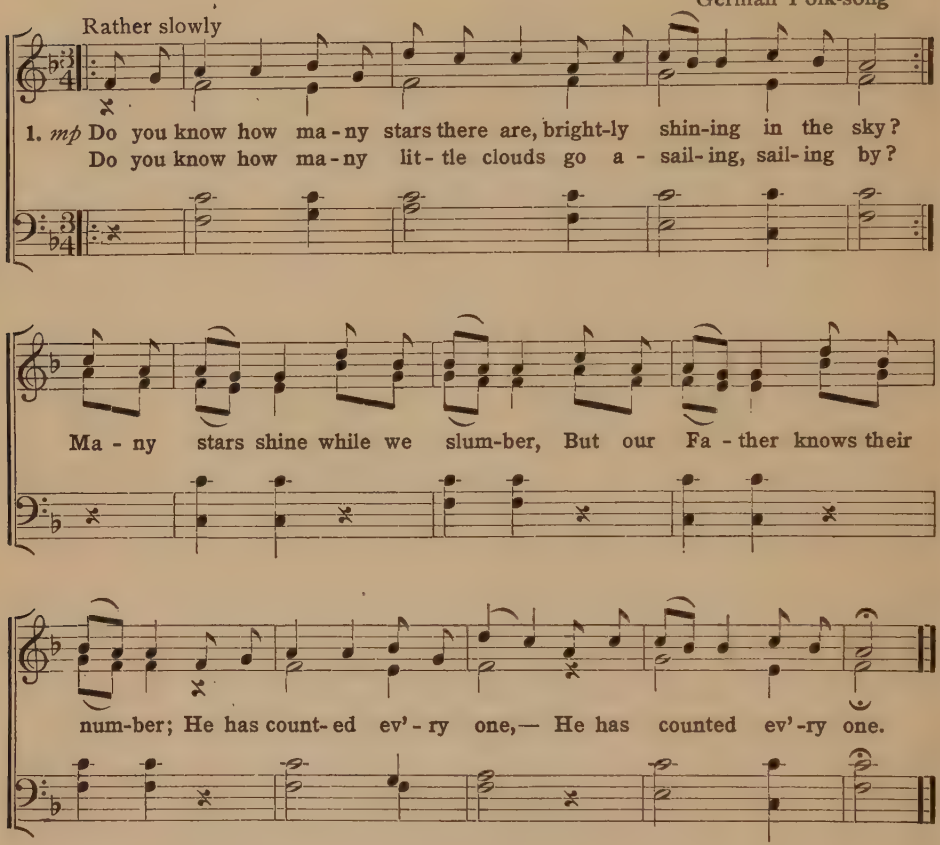
2 Who made lakes and rivers blue?
God, our loving Father.
Who made snow and rain and dew?
God, our loving Father.
He made little children too,
God, our loving Father.

Richard Compton*

* By permission of A. T. Davison and T. W. Surette

91 Do you know how many stars there are

German Folk-song


Rather slowly
1. mp Do you know how ma - ny stars there are, bright-ly shin-ing in the sky?
Do you know how ma - ny lit - tle clouds go a - sail-ing, sail-ing by?
Ma - ny stars shine while we slum-ber, But our Fa - ther knows their
num-ber; He has count-ed ev' - ry one,— He has counted ev' -ry one.

2 Do you know how many children rise so happy every day,
And with happy, joyous faces go about their work and play?
God, the Lord, in them rejoices,
Loves to hear their merry voices;
For He knows them every one, for He knows them every one.

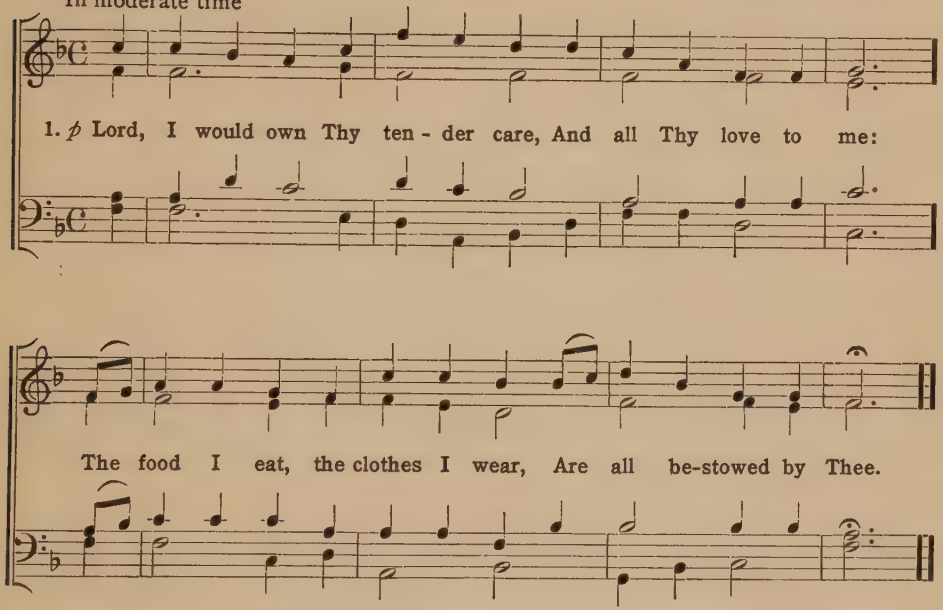
From the German

92 Lord, I would own Thy tender care

C M

In moderate time

English Folk-song



2 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

3 Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

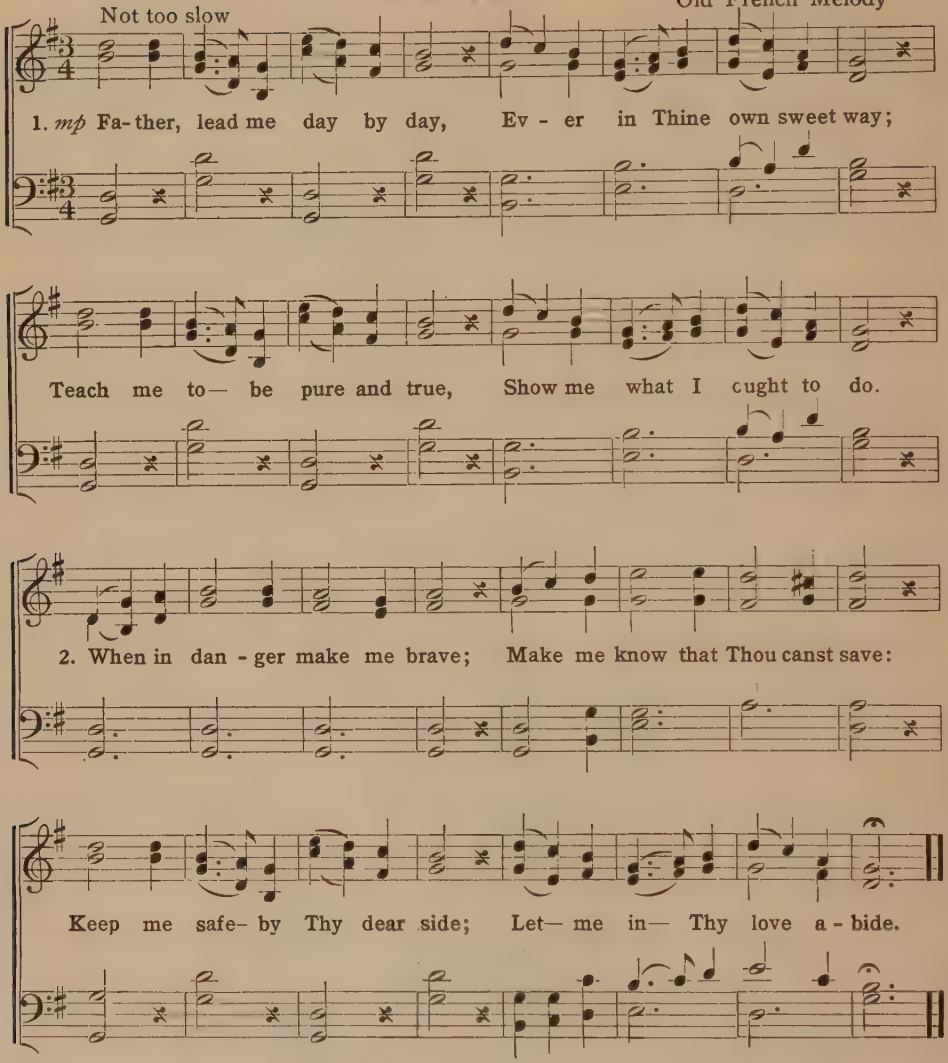
4 My health and friends and parents dear
To me by God are giv'n;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heav'n.

5 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

Jane Taylor (1783–1824)

93 Father, lead me day by day

Old French Melody


Not too slow
1. mp Fa- ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to— be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
2. When in dan - ger make me brave; Make me know that Thou canst save:
Keep me safe- by Thy dear side; Let— me in— Thy love a - bide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

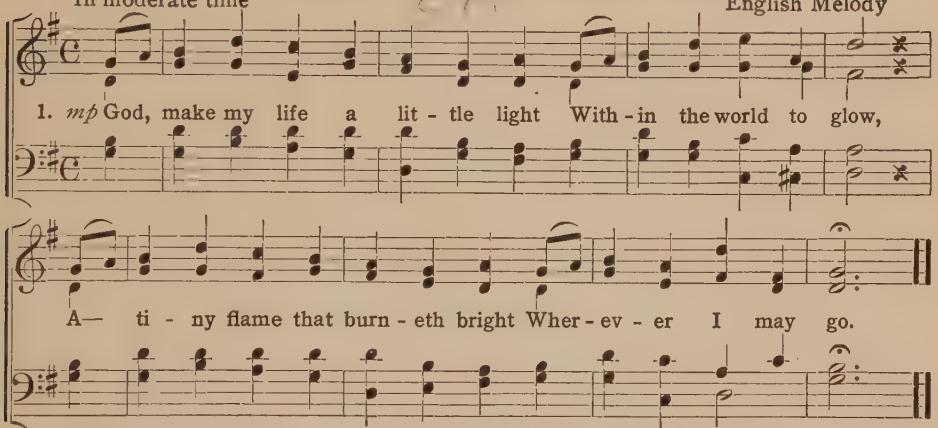
4 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

J. P. Hopps (1877)

94 God, make my life a little light

In moderate time

English Melody



2 God, make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in nat ve bower,
Although its place be small.

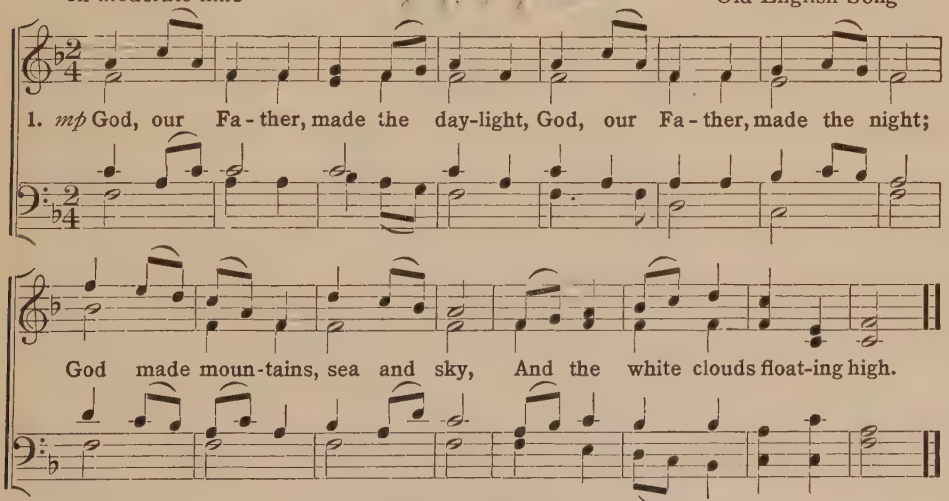
3 God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong
And makes the singer glad.

M. Benham Edwards

95 God, our Father

In moderate time

Old English Song

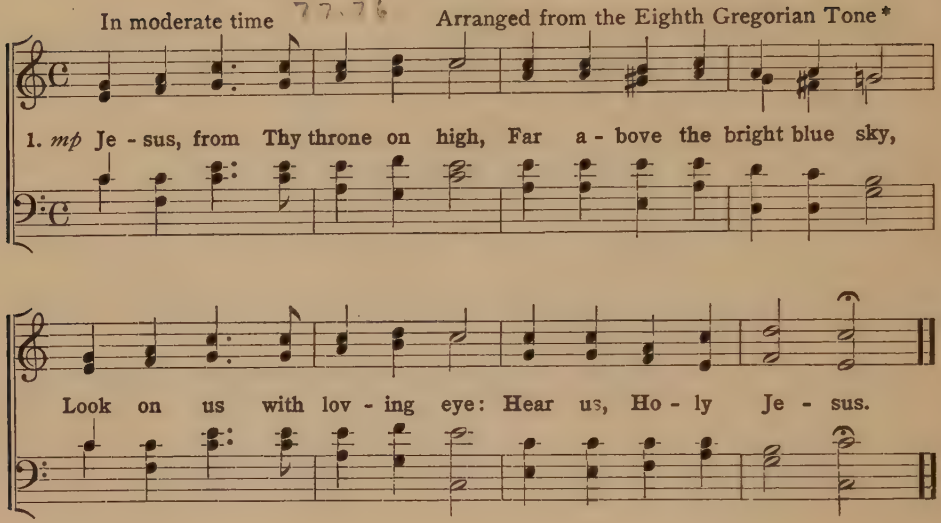

1. mp God, our Fa - ther, made the day-light, God, our Fa - ther, made the night;
God made moun-tains, sea and sky, And the white clouds float-ing high.

2 God, we thank Thee for the showers;
God, we thank Thee for the dew;
Mighty trees and flowers small;
God, our Father, gave them all.

Richard Compton*

*Words used by permission of A. T. Davison and T. W. Surette, from "140 Folk-tunes."

96 Jesus, from Thy throne on high


In moderate time
Arranged from the Eighth Gregorian Tone*
1. mp Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.

2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Savior dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

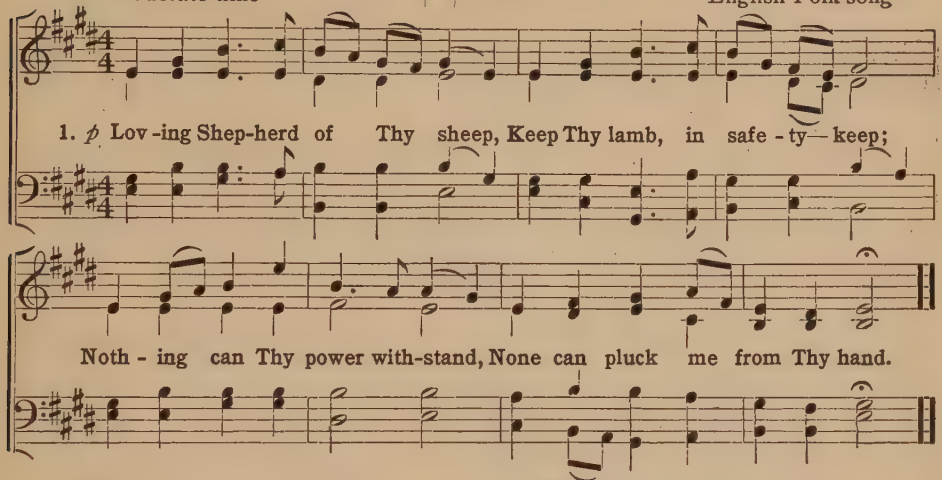
Thomas Benson Pollock (1875)
(Abridged)

*Tune used by permission of THE UNITED LUTHERAN PUBLICATION HOUSE

97 Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep

In moderate time

English Folk-song


1. p Lov-ing Shep-herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lamb, in safe-ty—keep;
Noth-ing can Thy power with-stand, None can pluck me from Thy hand.

2 I would bless Thee every day.
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessèd ones above,
Happy in Thy precious love.

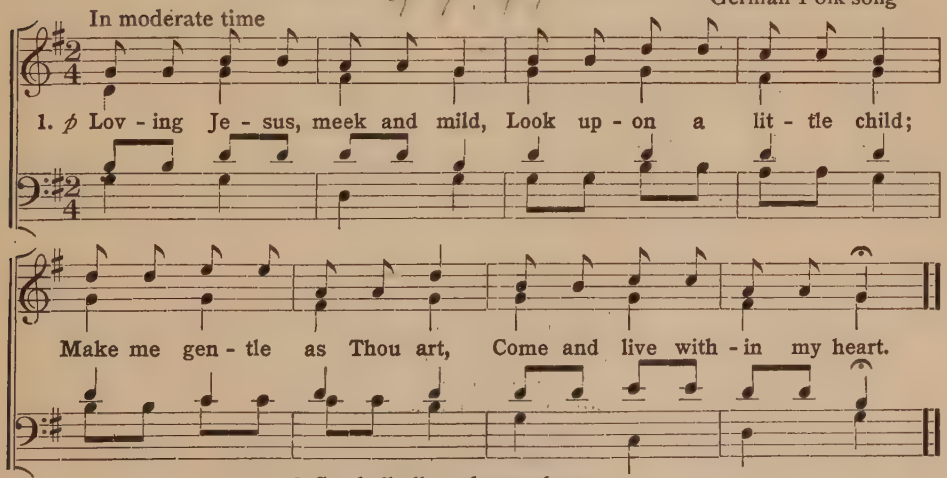
3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

Jane E. Leeson (1807–1882)

98 Loving Jesus, meek and mild

German Folk-song

In moderate time

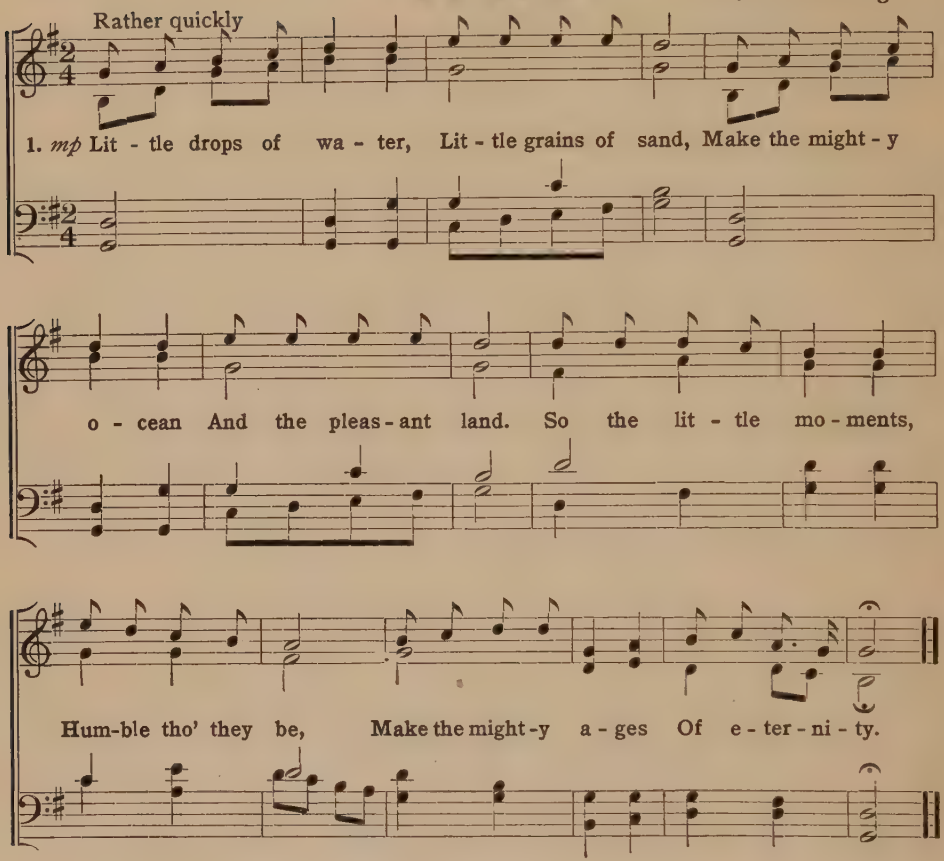


2 So shall all my happy days
Sing their pleasant song of praise;
And the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley (1742)
(Abridged)

99 Little drops of water

French Folk-song

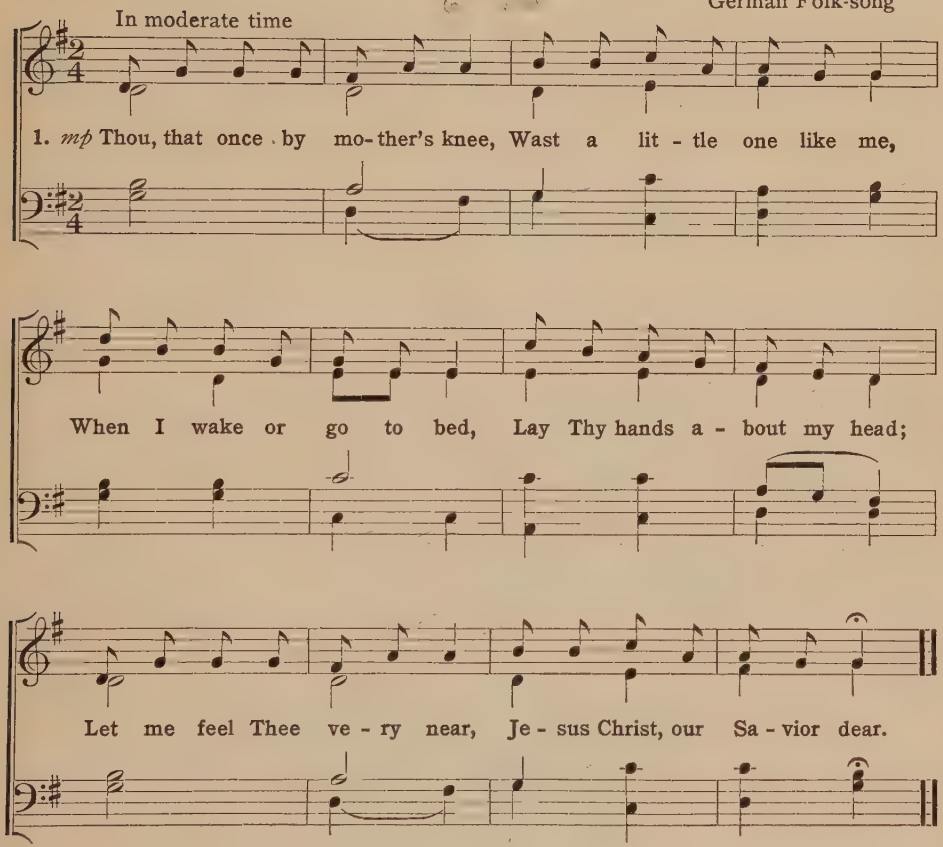

Rather quickly
1. mp Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might - y
o - cean And the pleas - ant land. So the lit - tle mo - ments,
Hum-ble tho' they be, Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.

2 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy
Like the heav'n above.

Julia F. Carney (1845)

100 Thou, that once by mother's knee

German Folk-song

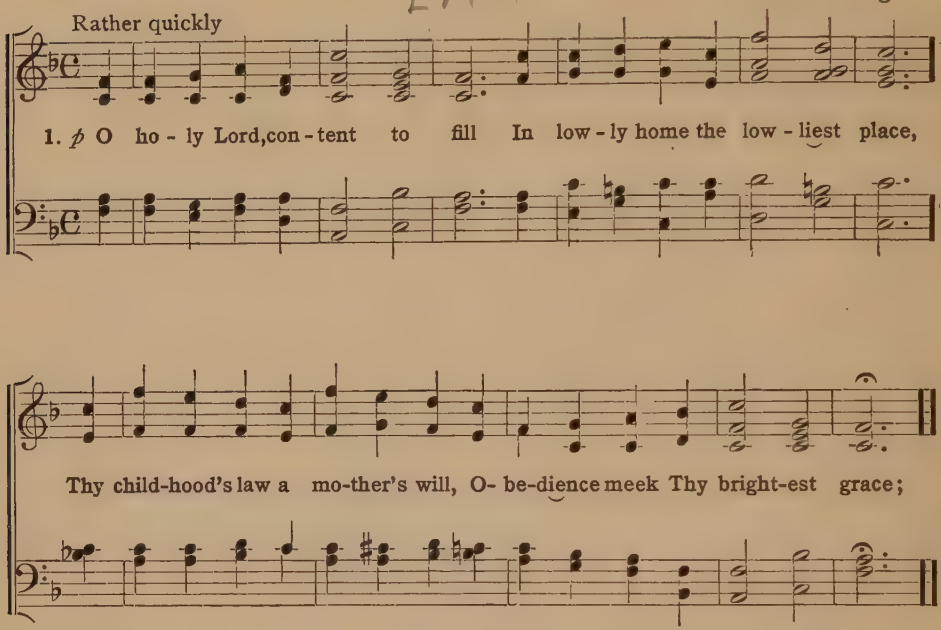

In moderate time
1. mp Thou, that once by mo-ther's knee, Wast a lit-tle one like me,
When I wake or go to bed, Lay Thy hands a-bout my head;
Let me feel Thee ve-ry near, Je-sus Christ, our Sa-vior dear.

2 Thou art near me when I pray,
Thou art never far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Savior dear, —
Thou that once, by mother's knee,
Wast a little child like me.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1867)
(Abridged)

101 O holy Lord, content to fill

Swiss Folk-song


Rather quickly
1. p O ho - ly Lord, con - tent to fill In low - ly home the low - liest place,
Thy child-hood's law a mo-ther's will, O- be-dience meek Thy bright-est grace;

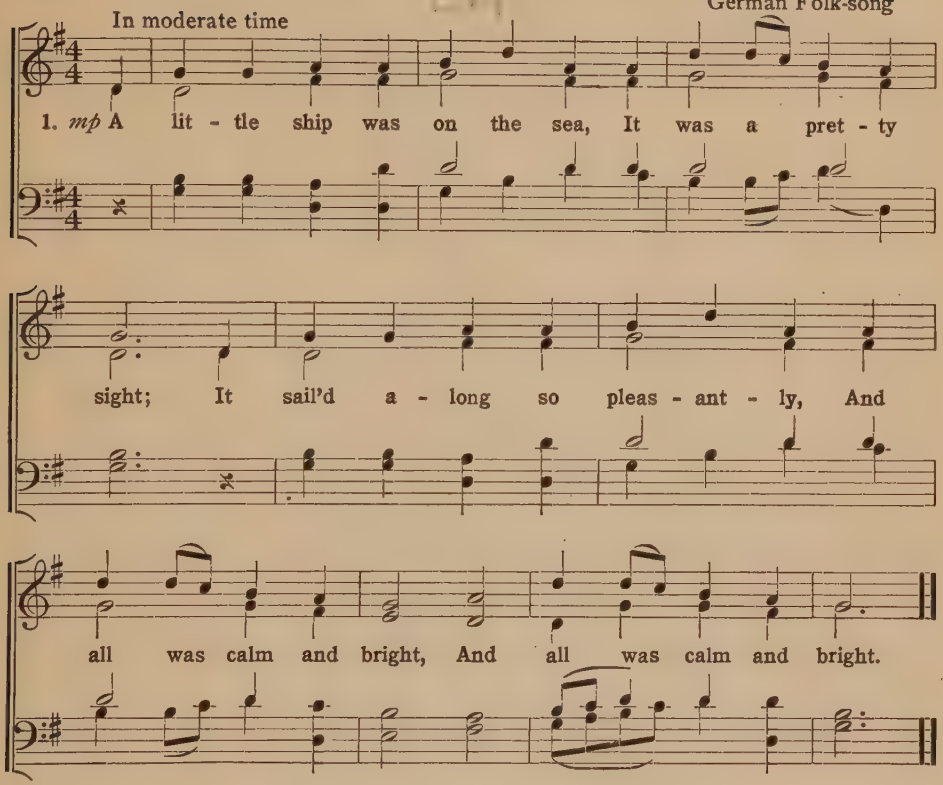
2 Lead every child that bears Thy name
To walk in Thine own guileless way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

3 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favor with both God and man.

Bishop William W. How (1850–1871)
(Abridged)

102 A little ship was on the sea

German Folk-song


In moderate time
1. mp A lit - tle ship was on the sea, It was a pret - ty
sight; It sail'd a - long so pleas - ant - ly, And
all was calm and bright, And all was calm and bright.

2 When lo, a storm began to rise,
The wind blew loud and strong,
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

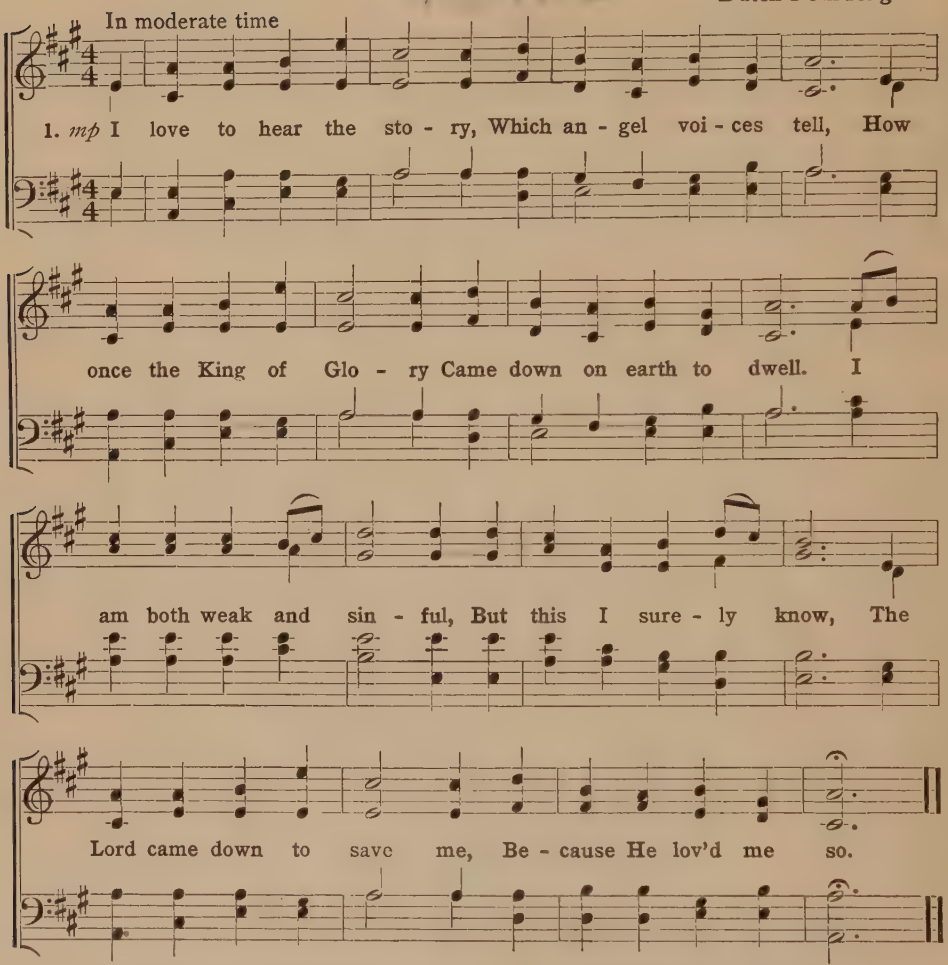
3 And all but one were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep:
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.

4 "We perish, Master; Master, save!"
They cried. Their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.

5 O well we know it was the Lord,
Our Savior and our Friend,
Whose care of those who trust His word
Will never, never end.

Dorothy A. Thrupp (1799–1847)

103 I love to hear the story

Dutch Folk-song

In moderate time
1. mp I love to hear the sto - ry, Which an - gel voi - ces tell, How
once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I
am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know, The
Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He lov'd me so.

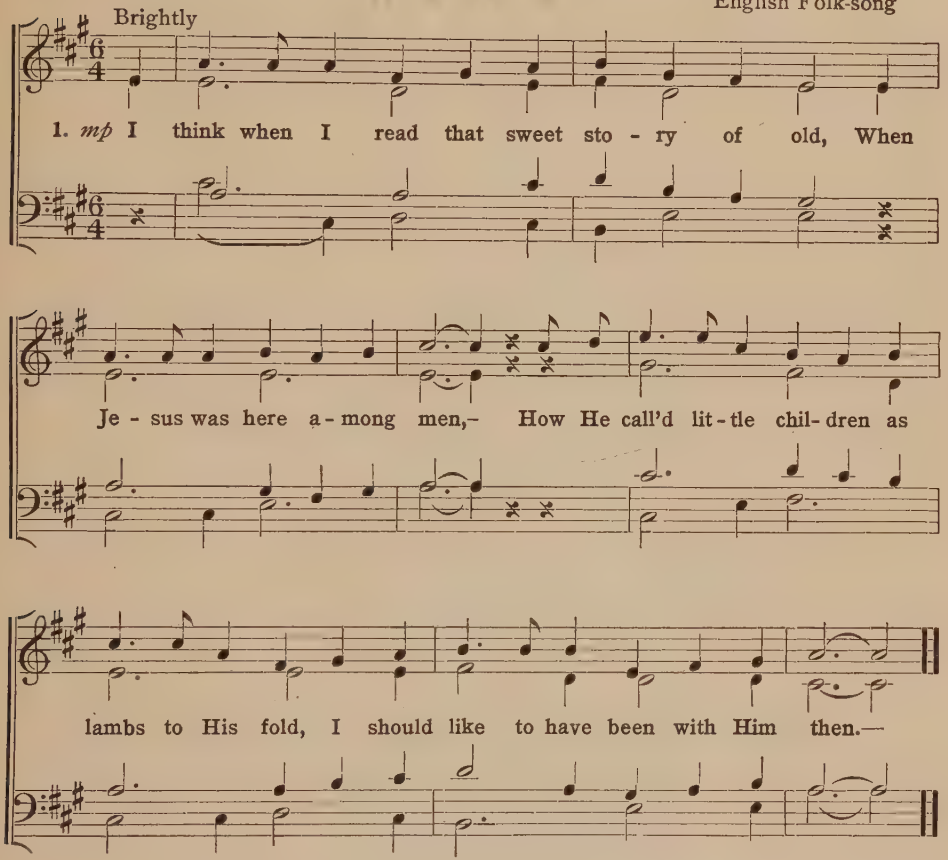
2 I'm glad my blessèd Savior
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To tell His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He Himself has promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Emily Miller (1867)

104 I think when I read that sweet story of old

English Folk-song


Brightly
1. mp I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a - mong men,– How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.—

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said:
"Let the little ones come unto me."

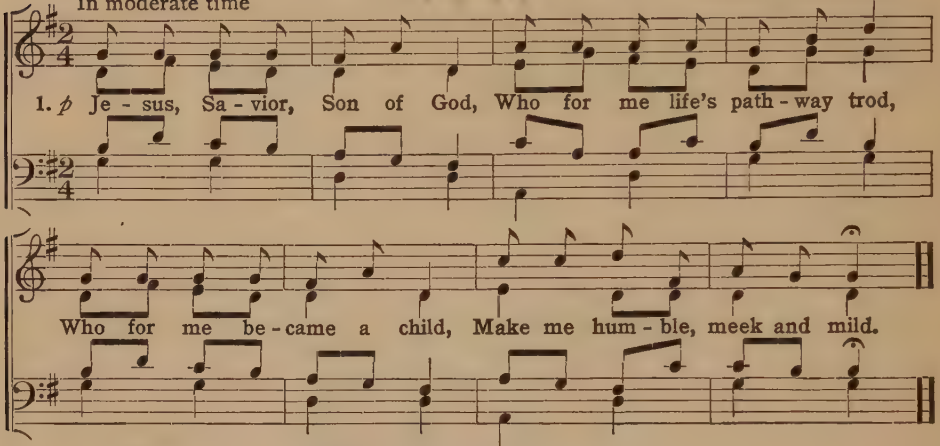
3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

Jemima Luke (1813–1906)

105 Jesus, Savior, Son of God*

In moderate time

Swiss Folk-song



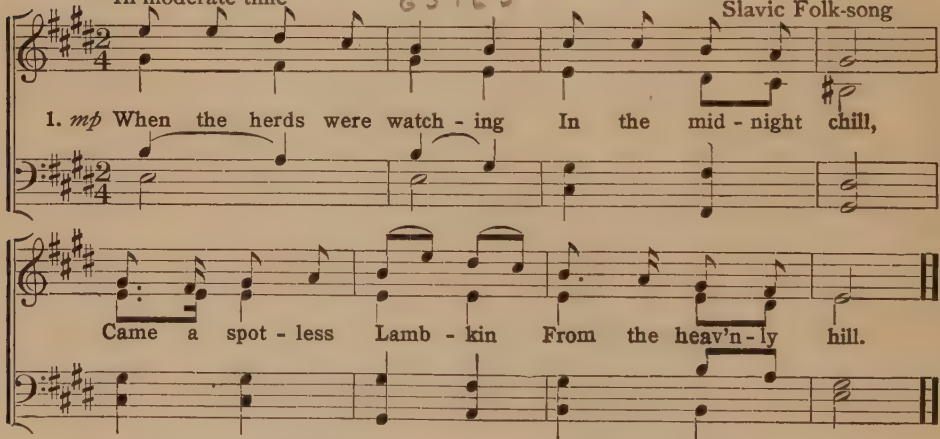
2 I Thy little lamb would be;
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old,
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

Anonymous

106 When the herds were watching

In moderate time

Slavic Folk-song



2 Snow was on the mountains,
And the wind was cold,
When from God's own garden
Dropped a rose of gold.

3 When 'twas bitter winter,
Houseless and forlorn
In a star-lit stable
Christ the Babe was born.

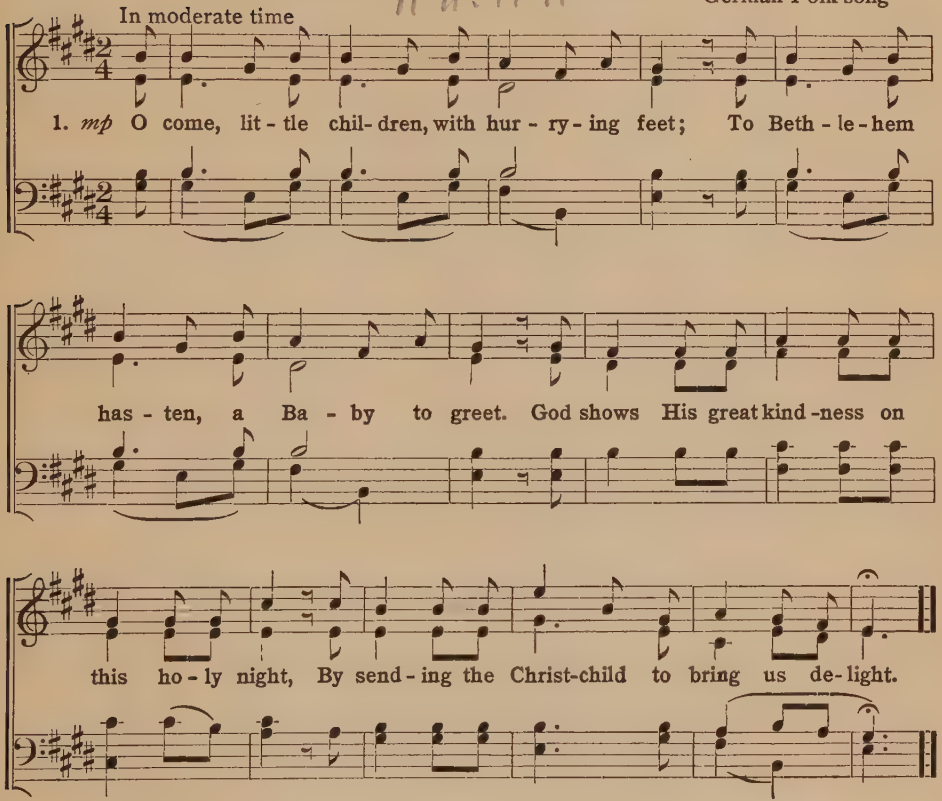
4 Welcome, heav'nly Lambkin;
Welcome, golden rose;
Alleluia, Baby!
In the swaddling clothes.

William Canton

*From "Songs for the Little Ones at Home," published by THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

107 O come, little children

German Folk-song


In moderate time
1. mp O come, lit - tle chil- dren, with hur - ry - ing feet; To Beth - le - hem
has - ten, a Ba - by to greet. God shows His great kind -ness on
this ho - ly night, By send - ing the Christ-child to bring us de- light.

2 He lies in a manger, the beautiful boy;
His mother and father bend o'er him with joy;
Some shepherds kneel praying, their hearts full of love;
The song of the angels floats down from above.

3 O see, from the manger there streams a clear light,
That scatters the darkness and shines through the night;
The face of the baby who lies in that glow
Is fairer and brighter than angels, we know.

4 O kneel like the shepherds, your hands fold in prayer,
Give thanks, little children, for Jesus so fair;
We'll join with the angels, our voices we'll raise,
And sing to our Father a glad song of praise.

From the German
Translated by E. M. Robinson

The Concord Series

of Music and Books on the Teaching of Music

Under the editorship of THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE, ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON and AUGUSTUS D. ZANZIG

No. 1	25 Chorales *By* JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Selected, edited and provided with English Texts by* ELSMITH *and* SURETTE (Cloth 1.00) Paper	.60
No. 2	The Home and Community Song Book *Compiled and edited by* DAVISON *and* SURETTE Boards	1.00
No. 3	140 Folk-Songs for School and Home Rote Songs for Grades I, II and III. *Edited by* DAVISON *and* SURETTE Students Edition (Words and melodies only) Cloth	.65
No. 4	A Book of Songs for Unison and Part Singing *For Grades* IV, V and VI. *Edited by* DAVISON, SURETTE *and* ZANZIG Students Edition (Words and melodies only) Cloth	1.25
No. 5	20 Marches for Use in Schools *Edited by* SURETTE	1.25
No. 6	The Concord Teacher's Guide (*A Manual for all Grades*)	.60
No. 7	140 Folk-Songs with Piano accompaniment *for Grades* I, II *and* III. *Compiled and edited by* DAVISON *and* SURETTE. (Teachers Edition) Cloth	2.00
No. 8	Robin Hood (*A play with music for children*) *By* KATE STEARNS PAGE	.60
No. 9	A Kindergarten Book of Folk-Songs *Collected and arranged by* LORRAINE D'OREMIEULX WARNER Cloth	2.00
No. 10	The Concord Hymnal *For* Day School, Sunday School and Home. *Compiled by* KATHARINE HUNTINGTON *and* ELIZABETH MACLAREN ROBINSON	1.00
No. 11	The Nativity *A play with music for children based on Old French Songs. By* LORRAINE D'OREMIEULX WARNER *and* MARGARET HIGGINSON BARNEY	.75
No. 12	Principles of Musical Theory *By* RENÉE LONGY-MIQUELLE. Cloth	2.00
No. 13	The Concord Anthem Book (40 Anthems) *For the use of* Mixed Voice Choirs in Protestant Churches, *compiled and edited by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON *and* HENRY WILDER FOOTE Cloth	1.50
No. 14	A Book of Songs, with Piano accompaniment *For* Unison and Part Singing for Grades IV, V and VI. *Edited by* DAVISON, SURETTE *and* ZANZIG (Teachers Edition) Cloth	3.00
No. 15	The Concord Junior Song & Chorus Book For Grades VII, VIII and IX. *By* DAVISON, SURETTE *and* ZANZIG (Teachers Edition) Cloth	3.50
No. 16	The Concord Junior Song & Chorus Book For Grades VII, VIII and IX. *By* DAVISON, SURETTE *and* ZANZIG Students Edition (Words and Melodies only) Cloth	1.25
No. 50	Harvard University Glee Club Collection of Part Songs for Men's Voices. *Arranged by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. Vol. I. (Containing 36 titles, portrait of DR. DAVISON and preface by DANIEL GREGORY MASON) Cloth	2.50
No. 100	Harvard University Glee Club Collection of Part Songs for Men's Voices. *Arranged by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. Vol. II. (Containing 31 titles) Cloth	2.50
No. 601	The Concord Piano Books	.75
No. 602	Elementary Course of Instruction based on Folk-Songs (with words) and	.75
No. 603	on Physical interpretation of Rhythm. *Arranged by* KATHERINE K. DAVIS	.90
No. 604	(Four volumes)	.90
No.1000	Harvard University Glee Club Collection of Part Songs for Men's Voices. *Arranged by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. Vol. III. (Contains 25 titles) Cloth	2.50

(In Preparation)

No. 17	The Concord Chorus Book for Treble Voices (Teachers Edition)
No. 18	The Concord Chorus Book for Treble Voices (Students Edition)
No. 19	The Better Home & Community (Song Book)
No.1050	Harvard University Glee Club Collection of Part Songs for Men's Voices. *Arranged by* ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. Vol. IV.

NOTE: When ordering please mention "Concord Series" and number only. A descriptive circular of the works of the "Concord Series" will be furnished on request.

E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

24
26
27
33
47
62
65
67
70
75

10 for older children

79
80
82
84
85
88
90
91
95
101
104
106

12 for younger children

156085 Lit 5532 L923
Huntington, Katherine
The Concord hymnal for day school.

156085 Lit 5532 H923

St. Marks Library
General Theological Seminary
175 Ninth Avenue
New York 11, N. Y.

Please stamp date in left column, write your name legibly in center column and leave right column blank. Deposit circulation card in slot marked 'Circulation cards'.

There is no date due, but books must be returned promptly upon request. Do not lend books charged to you to others.
You are responsible for them.

C0-AUA-654